

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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## Getting outside a Guinness with R.L.S.

"**T**ANNY ate a whole fowl for breakfast, to say nothing of a tower of hot cakes. Belle and I floored another hen betwixt the pair of us, and I shall no sooner be done with the present amanuensing racket than I shall put myself outside a pint of Guinness. If you think this looks like dying of consumption in Apia, I can only say I differ from you."

*Letter dated: "At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93."  
Quoted in "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," Vol. V.*

In 1893 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON had been living for three years at Vailima, in Samoa. He wrote this letter during a cruise in South Pacific waters. There is nothing surprising in his being able to get Guinness there. Guinness had long been a world-wide traveller, just as it is today.

Doctors everywhere are at one in recommending Guinness, in health as well as in convalescence. But one doubts if Stevenson waited for doctor's orders to enjoy his Guinness—any more than the rest of us do.

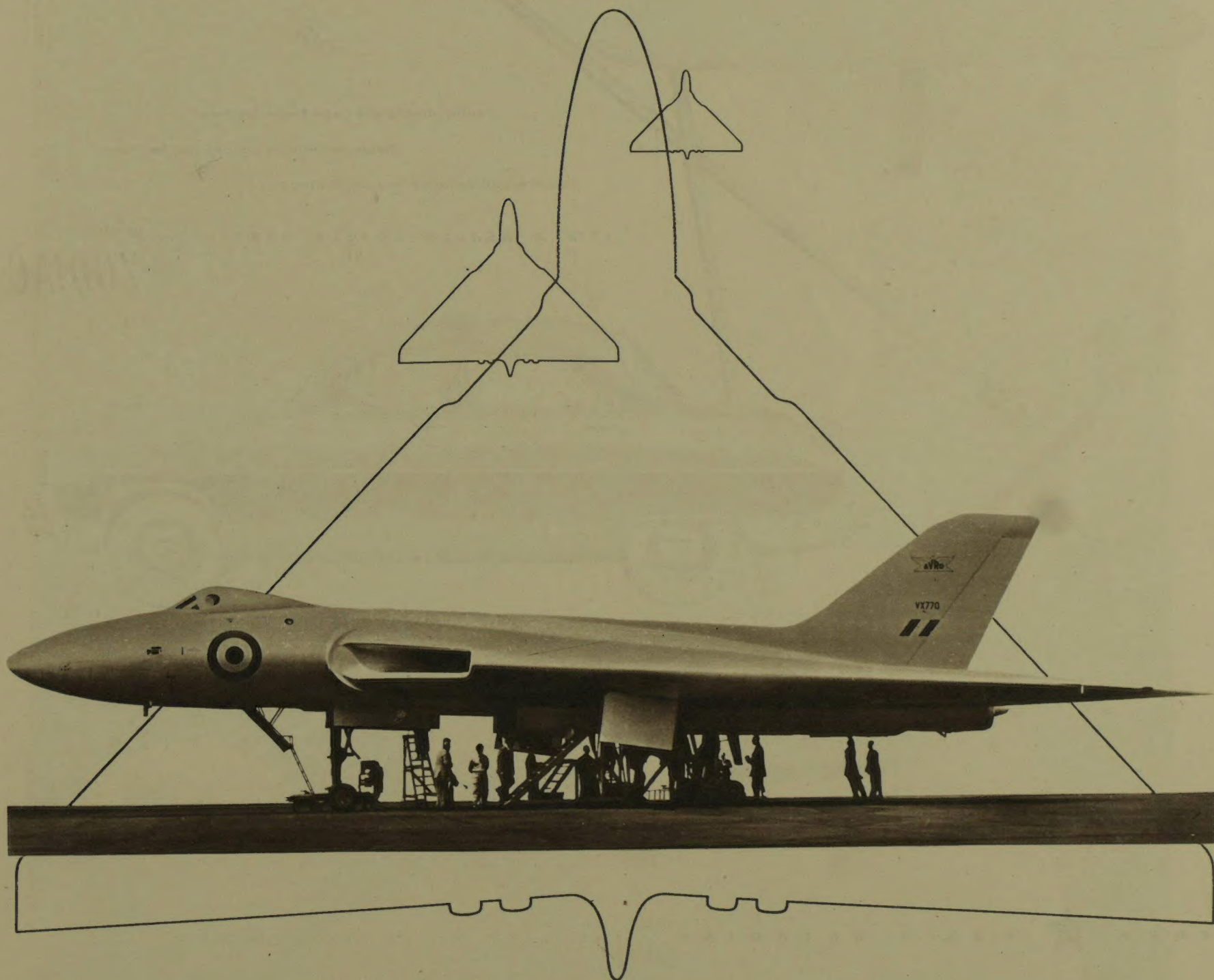


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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1955.



**FIVE YEARS OLD—THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE.**

Princess Anne, only daughter of the Queen, celebrated her fifth birthday on August 15—Monday last—and everyone in this country wishes her many happy

returns. Her Royal Highness and her brother the Duke of Cornwall have been on board *Britannia* during the recent Royal cruise. (Portrait by Marcus Adams.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE problem of peace—the problem that at the moment so vexes an atom-scared world—is at once the most elementary and the most difficult of all problems. It is that of discovering that the other man, the man one fears and hates, is a brother with the same nature, the same loves and joys, the same difficulties and sorrows as oneself. Discover that—and by discover, I mean, realise it as one realises one's own life and feelings—and there is no further need for bombs and armaments, alliances and defensive pacts. To love one's neighbour, and one's enemy as oneself is the key to Utopia, to what Jesus of Nazareth called the Kingdom of Heaven. It is so easy to state, so difficult to achieve that not one man in a million achieves it, and the idea of everyone achieving it simultaneously seems so fantastic as to be inconceivable. And yet it remains something that any man can achieve for himself and at any moment may achieve. For, difficult though it is, there are men who have achieved it.

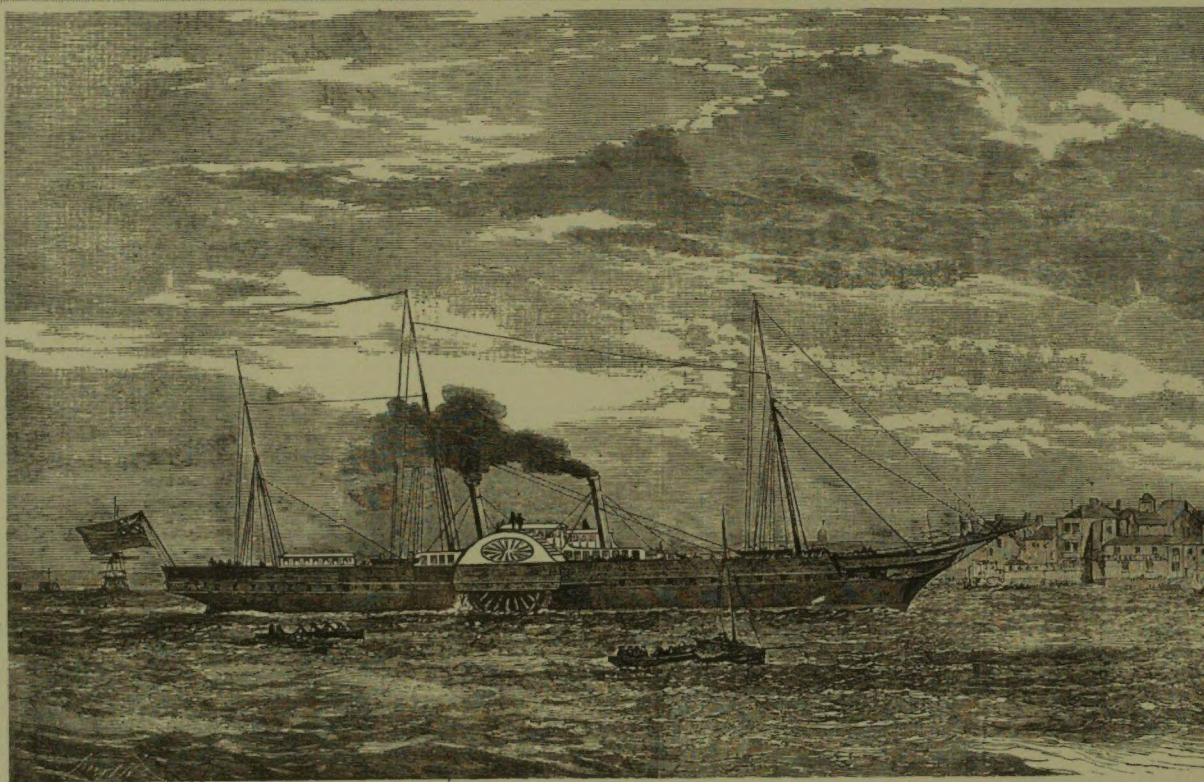
The road to Bethlehem, the path of peace, the way of understanding, there lies the world's eternal hope and the world's eternal despair. And in the search for that

road, the maker of books—the despised scribbler in his ivory tower—can sometimes do more than he or the world realises. I was reminded of this the other day by reading an article in a newspaper about a Russian poet named Samuel Jakovlevich Marshak, who has made a tremendous reputation in his own country by his translations of English nursery rhymes into Russian. Through him, we are told, "many millions in the U.S.S.R. have come to know Humpty Dumpty, Old King Cole, The Dong with the Luminous Nose, Lewis Carroll's Father William, A. A. Milne's The King and the Dairy Maid, T. S. Eliot's Macavity the Cat, and many other products of English poetic fancy." \* This is surprising, for judging by the language that Russian statesmen habitually use, or, rather, used to use up to a few weeks ago, one would not imagine that the inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. had much use for the fantasies of English escapist bourgeois rhymers. Yet, in imagining this, one would, it seems, be wrong. For Mr. Marshak's Russian translations of our Nursery Rhymes have sold in millions and are still being reprinted every year. It is possible that they are read even by Mr. Molotov, who, despite all the rude and unkind things he has said to and about us, appears, from his photographs in the newspapers, I have always felt, to have a rather kind, fatherly sort of face. And while we have been smarting at his denunciations of us and of our sinister Fascist and imperialistic machinations, the good man may have been lulling himself to sleep, his day's work at the conference table done, by reciting to himself Comrade Marshak's translation of Old King Cole, that merry old soul—in Russian, *Stary Dedushka Kol*—or of Humpty Dumpty (*Shaltai-Boltai*) who had such a great fall, and whom all the king's horses and all the king's men—the heroic soldiers and tanks of the Red Army, that is—could not put together again. So you see, one never knows. Senator McCarthy may have been wrong, after all. Not only are the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady sisters under the skin, but the old Bolshevik Foreign Commissar and the uncompromising Senator from the Land of the Free and the Screened may be brothers. They may both, unknown to one another, love Little Bo Peep and delight in the doings of Brer Rabbit. And, if they do, they may still one day, Formosas and 38th Parallels notwithstanding, fall into one another's arms with brotherly cries of recognition. Let us hope they do soon.

Anyway, I read the article about Comrade Marshak and his work with more pleasure and interest than anything I have read in a newspaper for a long while. His father, it seems, was a poor factory chemist who lived at Voronezh, where the Red Army put up such a magnificent fight in 1942, and taught his children to read the Russian classics as soon as they were out of the cradle. He began to write poems when he was eight, and in his early twenties, before the First World War, visited England and studied English literature at the Regent Street Polytechnic. "The first six months," he told Mr. Alan Moray, who interviewed him during a recent visit to London, "were very difficult because the only English I knew was the language of Shakespeare, and I used words and phrases which were no longer understood—the language of 'Hamlet' is of little use when you want to buy some cigarettes or ask the way." Like Karl Marx, he spent much of his time in this country in the Reading Room of the British Museum—a haven for foreigners with literary or scientific interests, he remarked, where "one can sit quietly working the whole day in the warmth"—but he seems to have turned it to

better purpose than the great materialistic and dialectical prophet. For he read the English poets in the original and then started translating them into Russian. The first poems he translated were the Nurse's Song in Blake's "Songs of Innocence"—a rather original choice in the first decade of the century—the Ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, and Wordsworth's "Cuckoo." "Then," he told Mr. Moray, "from accepted poems, I moved on to nursery rhymes. English nursery rhymes are also works of genius. I particularly admire the poems of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. The English have a similar sense of humour to our own. Most Russians like nonsense verse, too—though there are some countries which have no taste for nonsense at all. In 1923 Maxim Gorky started a publishing house to print translations of foreign literature for young people. I translated 'The House That Jack Built' and other children's rhymes

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM  
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 18, 1855.



"HER MAJESTY'S NEW STEAM-YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

In 1855 a new yacht took the place of the first *Victoria and Albert* as the chief Royal yacht. This yacht was given the same name as her predecessor, and the old yacht took the name of *Osborne*. The new vessel was larger than the first one, 2342 tons as compared to 1034 tons, and she had two funnels, while the first yacht had only one. An illustration of the new yacht and a description of it appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of August 18, 1855: "Her decks are laid with Canada fir planks; there are water-tight bulkheads near the State cabins; and felt is laid between the beams and deck to deaden sound. The whole space from the paddle-boxes aft is devoted to the accommodation of Royalty. . . . On the orlop-deck is situated the Royal nursery, and other cabins, for the use of her Majesty's suite. . . . The quiet and neat elegance of the internal arrangements of the yacht, and the good taste displayed in her decorations and fitting-up, leave nothing to be wished for." During Edward VII.'s reign this yacht was dismantled and broken up. Her place was taken by the third *Victoria and Albert*, which, although launched in Queen Victoria's reign, was never used by the Queen.

for him. Before sending them to the printers, I tried them out by reading them to my sons. Later I tackled Burns, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Yeats, Kipling and Wordsworth. The most difficult poem I ever translated? I remember quite well. It was Lewis Carroll's 'You are Old, Father William.' For a long time I could not find a satisfactory rendering for the line 'You balanced an eel on the end of your nose.' †

I must say I like the sound of Mr. Marshak immensely. They say he has a face like Ernie Bevin, that great product of early twentieth-century working-class England, and I am delighted to know that he has won four Stalin Prizes. I think he should be given an English one, and he certainly should receive the Nobel Peace Prize, for he has done far more to deserve it than anyone of whom I have heard. His translations of Burns have sold half a million copies in the Soviet Union, and his Shakespeare Sonnets, published in 1949, 100,000 copies. "Russian people," he said, "love the Sonnets. A geologist in the Urals wrote to me: 'This book is like medicine. It has the power to cure people.'" His own work has done something even more. It has helped to make people of different race and ideology, who might otherwise only hate one another, understand one another. It has helped, like the work of the English and Scottish poets he has translated, to lead men's feet into the way of peace.



## THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL SETTING: POINTS OF INTEREST—I.



WITH ITS PROJECTING CLOCK, BUILT IN 1591, THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH, IN EDINBURGH'S OLD TOWN, HAS ON ITS LEFT THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF CANONGATE.

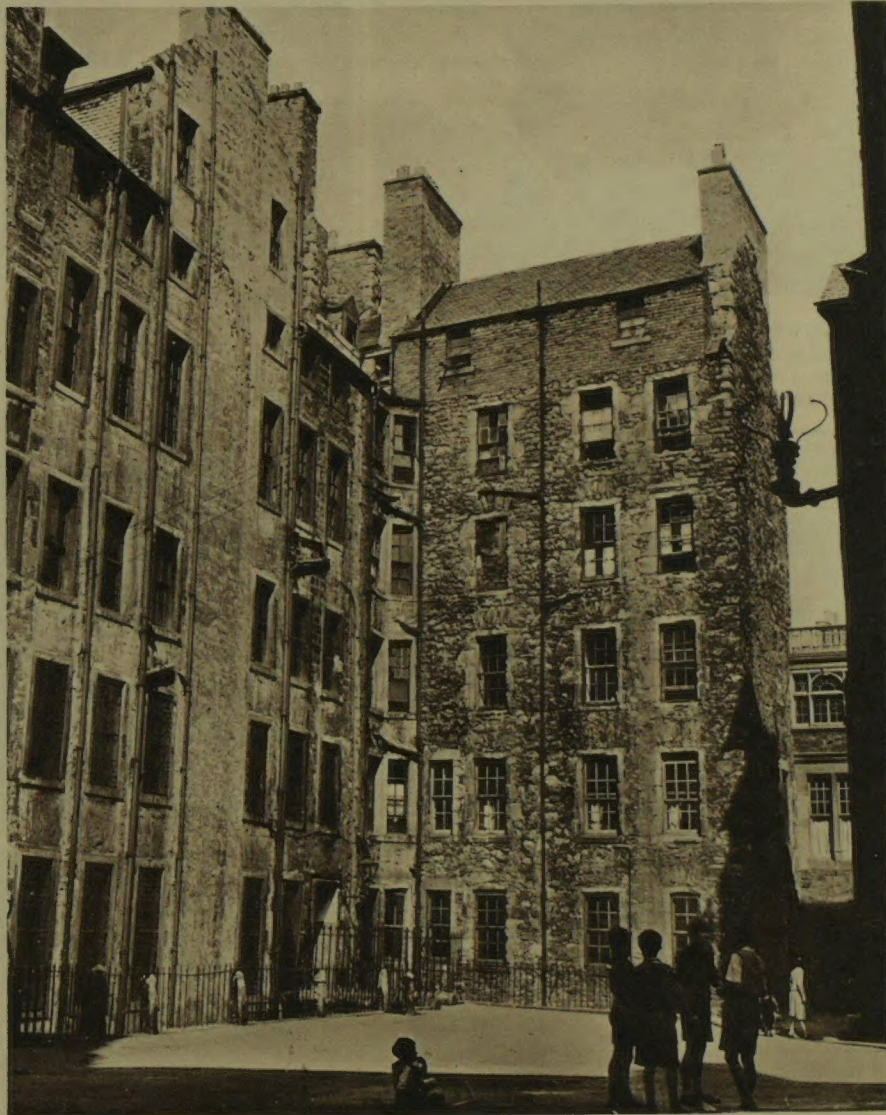


LOOKING DOWN THE HIGH STREET IN THE OLD TOWN. JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE PROJECTS ON THE LEFT, AND IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE FAMOUS REFORMER DIED HERE.



A TYPICAL CORNER OF THE OLD CITY: BLACKFRIARS STREET, CENTURIES REMOVED IN FEELING AND IN TIME FROM THE VICTORIAN CONFIGURATION OF OTHER PARTS.

The Old Town of Edinburgh has long been a source of colourful literary reminiscence and of sociological speculation. Those visitors to the capital who look from Princes Street upon the broadside view of the Old Town may have no conception that it was there, in those steep and stone-rimmed streets, that the young Robert Louis Stevenson plunged for the inspiration that was to lead to the romantic novels of his maturity, and that the virile and colourful life of the quarter forms an aspect



WHERE DAVID HUME, THE HISTORIAN, LIVED, FOLLOWED BY BOSWELL, WHO ENTERTAINED DR. JOHNSON THERE: JAMES'S COURT, OFF THE LAWNMARKET.

of nineteenth-century Scotland that is as significant in its way as that of the Quartier Latin of Paris. As Stevenson himself said: "In the low dens and high-flying garrets of Edinburgh, people may go back upon dark passages in the town's adventures, and chill their marrow with winter's tales about the fire." To-day, even the Old Town wears a new face, but there is enough remaining of the romantic past to give any but the most casual visitor pause.



## FAMOUS CONDUCTORS AND ARTISTS OF MANY NATIONS—FOR EDINBURGH.



MR. PAUL HINDEMITH, THE COMPOSER, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 24.



MME. JENNY TOUREL, WHO IS GIVING A RECITAL AT THE FREEMASONS' HALL ON SEPTEMBER 4, WITH MR. GEORGE REEVES.



MME. EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE, WHO WILL BE SEEN IN PERFORMANCES OF "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



MME. ROSALYN TURECK, U.S. PIANIST, THE SOLOIST WITH THE NETHERLANDS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA.



MR. GEORGE SZELL, GUEST CONDUCTOR FOR THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK, ON SEPT. 8 AND 9.



MR. ZINO FRANCESCATTI, SOLOIST WITH THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 23, AND A MEMBER OF THE FESTIVAL PIANO TRIO—SOLOMON, FOURNIER AND FRANCESCATTI.



SEGOVIA, THE CELEBRATED GUITARIST, WHO IS GIVING A RECITAL ON AUGUST 28, AND WILL BE THE SOLOIST WITH THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 31 IN CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO'S CONCERTO FOR GUITAR AND ORCHESTRA.



MR. PIERRE FOURNIER, A MEMBER OF THE FESTIVAL PIANO TRIO, AND A SOLOIST WITH THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 30, CONDUCTED BY SIR MALCOLM SARGENT.



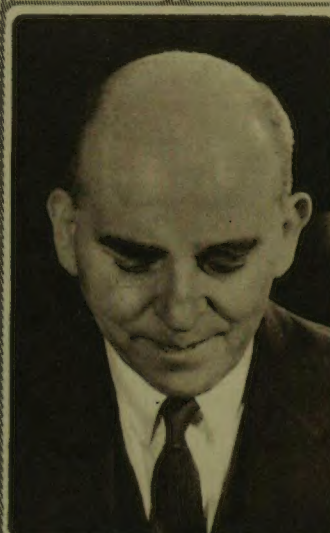
MR. EUGENE ORMANDY, TO CONDUCT THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AT THE OPENING CONCERT ON AUGUST 21.



MR. JOSEF KEILBERTH, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 26 AND 27.



MR. DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, WHO WILL CONDUCT THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON SEPTEMBER 5 AND 10.



SOLOMON, WHO WILL BE THE SOLOIST AT THE OPENING CONCERT WITH THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



MR. WOLFGANG SAWALLISCH, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ON AUGUST 22.

Edinburgh's ninth International Festival, which this year takes place from August 21–September 10, promises to add even further fame to that which this great annual event already enjoys. Three great Symphony Orchestras—from Berlin, London and New York—are giving the majority of the orchestral concerts in the Usher Hall, and the Scottish National Orchestra and the National Youth Orchestra of Wales are also being heard. We give photographs of six of the ten conductors for these orchestras. Those whom we do not show are Mr. Guido Cantelli (New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra); Sir Malcolm Sargent,

conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; and Mr. Karl Rankl and Mr. Clarence Raybould, who will conduct the Scottish National and the National Youth Orchestras of Wales respectively. The Festival Piano Trio—Solomon, Francescatti and Fournier—to be heard in Chamber concerts, was formed at the behest of the Festival Society. The artists will also appear as soloists with orchestra and all three will come together in a performance of the Beethoven Triple Concerto on August 28. Notable Lieder and Instrumental Recitals, Opera and Drama are other attractions.



## THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL SETTING: POINTS OF INTEREST—II.

EDINBURGH, proud capital of Scotland, is famous alike for its romantic history and the great beauty of its natural situation, and has been justly praised in poetry and prose. With each succeeding year the fame of its annual international festival is attracting more and more people to the city from all parts of the world. The opening of the Ninth Edinburgh Festival on Sunday, August 21, with the customary services of praise in St. Giles' Cathedral, was to be attended by the Principals, Vice-Chancellors, Presidents and Rectors of at least twenty-eight universities of nineteen countries. In his foreword to the souvenir programme, the Lord Provost, John G. Banks, refers to the visit of these university representatives and expresses the hope that they will return to their places of learning with their experience of the Edinburgh Festival of the arts acting as an instrument of international understanding.



A VISTA WHICH ITSELF COMMANDS MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE CITY: CALTON HILL, WITH NELSON'S MONUMENT (102 FT. HIGH) AND THE UNFINISHED NATIONAL MONUMENT, WHICH WAS INTENDED TO BE A REPRODUCTION OF THE PARTHENON, AND WAS BEGUN IN 1822.



SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKYLINE ON THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE RIDGE OF THE OLD TOWN: EDINBURGH CASTLE, WHICH CONJURES UP THE STORMY CENTURIES OF SCOTTISH HISTORY AND PRESENTS AN AWE-INSPIRING SPECTACLE. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, BUILT IN THE IONIC STYLE IN 1850-58.



## THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL SETTING: POINTS OF INTEREST—III.



WHERE JOURNEYS BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND LONDON USUALLY BEGAN AND ENDED IN THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES: THE WHITE HORSE INN, WHITE HORSE CLOSE.



CLOSE TO THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE: "QUEEN MARY'S BATHROOM," A TURRETED LODGE, SUPPOSED TO HAVE AIDED THE ESCAPE OF RIZZIO'S MURDERERS.



ONE OF ROBERT ADAM'S LAST WORKS: THE NORTH SIDE OF CHARLOTTE SQUARE, WHICH WAS RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE BY THE 4TH MARQUESS OF BUTE.



WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT LIVED FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AND WROTE MANY OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS: NO. 39, CASTLE STREET.



STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUND: THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, WHICH HOUSES ONE OF EUROPE'S FINEST SMALLER COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES.



A FINE BUILDING DESIGNED BY ROBERT ADAM: THE GENERAL REGISTER HOUSE, AT THE EASTERN END OF PRINCES STREET, WHICH HOUSES THE RECORDS OF THE NATION.

Since 1947 the event of the year at Edinburgh has been the International Festival, which is being held this year from August 21 to September 10. The performances of plays, old and modern, concerts, operas, and ballets, exhibitions of paintings and other works of art, and the International Film Festival, attract visitors from far and near. During the Festival Edinburgh is "at home to the world" and few who make

the pilgrimage to Scotland's capital fail to have their imaginations—and emotions—stirred by the city which is such a magnificent backcloth for what has become, in such a short space of time, one of the world's finest international festivals of the arts. Edinburgh, rich in historic and literary associations, is indeed a worthy setting for those "divine arts"—Music and Drama.



# THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL SETTING: POINTS OF INTEREST—IV.



THE FIRST MONUMENT TO THE FAMOUS AMERICAN PRESIDENT ERECTED ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE OLD CALTON BURIAL-GROUND.



IMITATING AN ATHENIAN TEMPLE, THE BURNS MONUMENT NEAR CALTON HILL WAS THE WORK OF THOMAS HAMILTON, RESPONSIBLE FOR OTHER CLASSICAL WORK IN EDINBURGH.



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF EDINBURGH, SEEN FROM THE CASTLE: THOSE VISITORS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD WHO HAVE CONVERGED ON THE CITY FOR ITS ARTISTIC ATTRactions WILL FIND IN OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH A UNIQUE AND SPLENDID BACKCLOTH TO HISTORY.

Visitors to the Edinburgh Festival of 1955—and they will doubtless converge upon the Scottish capital from all quarters of the globe—will see, apart from the multifold attractions of concert, drama, ballet and opera, the lineaments of a unique city. Even those who are unacquainted with Mr. Moray McLaren's frequent evocations of the romantic Edinburgh of previous centuries will find at every turn something to remind them that it is not merely a city, but a capital city, bound with history and echoing the events of other worlds and other times. The

earliest monument in Great Britain to Abraham Lincoln is to be found in the Old Calton Burial-ground (it is also pointedly dedicated to the Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the American Civil War), and the peculiar monument to the national poet, Robert Burns, on Calton Hill was inspired by that of Lysicrates at Athens. Thus, in these and other respects, Edinburgh has a truly international flavour. Thus, also, it is right and proper that its artistic performers, no less than its visitors, should be drawn from all parts of the world.



# SECRETARY OF STATE TO CHARLES I. AND CHARLES II.

"MR. SECRETARY NICHOLAS, 1593-1669: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS." By DONALD NICHOLAS, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.).\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"MR. SECRETARY NICHOLAS," son of a Wiltshire rector, held many offices under the Crown. He served under the Duke of Buckingham, whom he loved when most of the country execrated him. He was Secretary of State under Charles I. and had the collection of ship-money in his hands—that ship-money, the imposition of which made John Hampden rise in arms, for the matter of thirty shillings nominally—went into exile with Charles II., as Secretary of State, again, and, in old age, was dismissed with £10,000 and the offer (refused) of a peerage, because Charles had a favourite to promote. Clarendon, a good judge of men, paid tribute to his utter integrity: Pepys, a good listener, wrote: "Mr. Gregory, my old acquaintance, an understanding gentleman . . . [said] that Sir Edward Nicholas, whom he served while secretary, is one of the best men in the world, but hated by the Queen-Mother, for a service he did the old King against her mind and her favourites and that she and my Lady Castlemaine did make the King lay him aside; but this man [Gregory] says that he is one of the most perfect, heavenly and charitable men in the world."

A descendant has written his life. Mr. Nicholas's list of authorities, many of them manuscript, as referred to in his notes, is imposing; and he has scoured them industriously. But I think that he might have persuaded somebody as industrious as himself—and with an eye, perhaps, less fatigued than his from poring over old documents—to have helped him with his proof-reading. It isn't merely or mainly that there are slips; a few of those are to be expected in a volume so full of names and other details. It isn't even that his resolve to squeeze in all the pertinent and interesting details sometimes makes his sentences so dark that one has to read them a second time in order to be sure of his meaning. His main defect lies in his punctuation. With the uses of the full-stop he is as well acquainted as the rest of us: better than some, who have thought that the eloquence of a sentence is in direct proportion to its length. But apart from the full-stop, he seems to think the comma a maid-of-all-work.

To hunt for a semi-colon (or even an elucidating bracket) in his becommad chapters is almost as unrewarding a pursuit as it would be to search for a bongo, an okapi, or a white rhinoceros on the wide plains of his hero's native county: a sort of

home. These three standing firm refused to plead before the Judges of the King's Bench as being against their privileges as members of Parliament, and were condemned to pay fines, Eliot's was two thousand pounds, and were imprisoned until they agreed to apologise to the King. . . . To raise money by some



SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS (CIRCA 1665). FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY.

means, Charles was forced to revive obsolete taxes such as Compositions for Knighthood, that is heavy fines for anyone holding land by military tenure who had not received Knighthood, the Forest Courts, and Monopolies all of which antagonised not so much the common people 'the workers' as they would be called now, as the landowners like Lord Saye and Sele."

Here there is a shortage even of commas. But Mr. Nicholas may have been infected by some of the documents which he unearthed. As witness a letter written by the headmaster of a preparatory school, to which two of Sir Edward's sons went before proceeding to Winchester, their father's own old school: Sir, health in Eternity,

I have sent your children in health, through God's mercy. They have the itch through their own fault by taking my little children that lay in the same chamber to play with them mornings before we knew of it. I have taken some care for the perfecting of Grammer, and because John hath posted in haste over his grammer, it hath required the more time and care to perfect his rules. I suppose he upon one hour's liberty, he will tell every rule in order as it is in grammer for 5 or 6 leaves and so upon another hours, so much more to the end, which for one that hath not gone through his grammer is as much or more than ever I taught. In one month more John will end his grammer and by Whitsuntide make a verse, and be well acquainted with the rules thereof. He writeth familiar epistles to his fellows, according to his childish invention which is well enough for a child. If I have liberty I will see you one day after the holy days only to try John through the Grammer that he hath learnt.

That is the sort of domestic thing which brings us far closer to our ancestors than descriptions of debates and battles;

and for which more room can be permitted to a writer like Mr. Nicholas, whose subject, though a valuable public servant, was never in the front of the stage, than could be allowed those who write general histories of the time, or "lives" of the most prominent politicians or warriors. I must admit that, when I first opened this book, I not merely feared, but expected, that the author would succumb to the temptation—so very tempting to the narrator looking for popular décor—of telling, once more, and at length,

the dramatic stories of the trials and executions of Strafford, Laud and Charles I.; the escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester; the Great Plague of London, and the Great Fire. But no; such things he keeps in the background: save in so far as they affected the public life and private human career of his ancestor.

The result is that he has room for a thousand intimate details for which space would not be found in a more grandiose book about a more grandiose man. For instance, he gives a great many bills and accounts. One is a list of expenses incurred when Edward (as he calls his forbear throughout) took a new house.

"These soft furnishings," he says, "were for the new house and orchard that Edward leased on the green at Richmond, Surrey, from George Pierce at three pounds ten shillings a quarter." Even this short sentence might be clarified; I should rather phrase it: "These soft furnishings were for the new house and orchard on the Green at Richmond, Surrey, which Edward leased from George Pierce at three pounds ten shillings a quarter"—otherwise it might be taken that the negotiations about the lease occurred upon the Green.

Perhaps with the march of Progress, Semi-Education and Democracy, parsing may now have become old-fashioned. Conviviality, at least, hasn't; although it is rather dearer now than it was then. After Edward took his house on Richmond Green his brewers supplied him in one month with five-pounds' worth of beer. I think—trusting to memory, and beyond the reach of reference books—that beer at that time cost about 1d. a pint. If I am right, this most grave and conscientious bureaucrat must at least have provided a flowing bowl for his friends.

The book is studded with such things. For instance, we are told that "On 20 May 1626, a kingfisher was caught in the House of Commons." It need not be assumed that Members at that time had a more "ancient and fish-like smell" than Members of our time: there are probably as fishy M.P.s in the sea as ever came out of it. It is merely that in those days the City and Westminster were separated, a great deal of the primitive London marsh remained,



EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENDON. (ARTIST UNKNOWN.)

and there were places where the birds could make their nests. When Mozart came to London, much later, he said that around Ebury Street there were the palaces and gardens of the nobility. Some of the nobility may still be living, in flats, in that district: but kingfishers, to-day, are as scarce as semi-colons in Mr. Nicholas's book.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 324 of this issue.



"ONE OF EDWARD'S DEAREST FRIENDS IN LATER LIFE": JOHN ASHBURNHAM. (ARTIST UNKNOWN.)

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myxomatosis seems to have exterminated all but a few meagre survivors. Here is a passage in which this frugality of punctuation is very befogging: "Except for Eliot, the arrested members Valentine and Strode, after a term of imprisonment, had apologised and gone

\* "Mr. Secretary Nicholas, 1593-1669: His Life and Letters." By Donald Nicholas, M.A., F.S.A. (Scotland). Illustrated. (Bodley Head: 25s.)



## JAPANESE ARTISTRY, ITALIAN OPERA, DANISH BALLE—FOR EDINBURGH.



"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" IN A NEW GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA PRODUCTION, WITH (L. TO R.) FIORELLO (GWYN GRIFFITHS), ALMAVIVA (JUAN ONCINA), ROSINA (GRAZIELLA SCIUTTI) AND FIGARO (SESTO BRUSCANTINI).



"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO": GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA, DON ALVARO (DAVID POLERI; L.) AND DON CARLO (M. ROTHMÜLLER; R.)

THE Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians' appearance at Edinburgh Festival will rouse much interest, as they are the first company of Japanese artists to present an authentic collection of classical Kabuki entertainment in the Western world. They will give their first programme from September 5-7 and their second from September 8-10 at the Empire Theatre.—The Glyndebourne Opera are presenting a Festival Season of Italian opera at the King's Theatre throughout the Festival, and will give Verdi's "*La Forza del Destino*" and "*Falstaff*"; and Rossini's "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*."—The Royal Danish Ballet's repertoire at the Empire Theatre from August 25-September 3 includes "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Napoli*," "*Graduation Ball*" and "*La Sylphide*," which is set in early nineteenth-century Scotland.



THE AZUMA KABUKI DANCERS AND MUSICIANS, FIRST JAPANESE COMPANY TO PRESENT THE AUTHENTIC CLASSICAL KABUKI ENTERTAINMENT TO THE WESTERN WORLD: MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY, WHO WILL GIVE ITEMS OF THEIR REPERTOIRE AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 5-10.



IN THE ROYAL DANISH BALLE, "CAPRICIOUS LUCINDA," WHICH THEY ARE GIVING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE: FREDBJÖRN BJÖRNSSON AND INGE SAND.



"LA SYLPHIDE," A ROYAL DANISH BALLE SET IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCOTLAND: MARGRETHE SCHANNE AND ERIK BRUHN.



THE ROYAL DANISH BALLE PRODUCTION, "GRADUATION BALL": INGE SAND AND FREDBJÖRN BJÖRNSSON IN A GAY AND AMUSING ITEM FROM THEIR REPERTOIRE.



**RUPPRECHT MARIA LUITPOLD FERDINAND**, Crown Prince of Bavaria, died on August 2. His name may have become a shadow to the world in general and even to Germany as a whole, but it was far from being so in his own country. To Bavaria he was more than the head of the family which had for so long provided its sovereigns and more than the man who would in normal circumstances have been its king for the better part of thirty-four years. He continued up to the last to be popular and a personality. He was not a great man or a great soldier, but he was competent, steady, and, within certain limits, unconventional and far-seeing in mind. He was eighty-six and one of the last survivors of those who held high command in the First World War. The survival was made possible by the fact that, as a Royal prince, he became an army commander at forty-five and an army group commander at forty-seven.

Ludendorff remarks that he found another Royal prince, Duke Albrecht of Württemberg, "more of a soldier" than Rupprecht. This comment may be due to his dislike of the Bavarian and to the Württembergers being the more amenable. There can be no doubt that the practice of entrusting high command to princes, which prevailed both in the empire and in the kingdoms, brought up problems which the General Staff solved roughly where they were concerned. Max Hoffmann, Chief of Staff to Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Rupprecht's uncle, in Russia, confided to his diary that his prince could not be regarded as responsible, so that he himself had to take the whole weight of the Russian theatre upon his shoulders. Rupprecht was more responsible, but not wholly so. A typical example of the importance of the German General Staff, especially where the princes were concerned, is to be seen in the action taken after the German Crown Prince's command was adjudged to have failed at Verdun. His Chief of Staff was sacked.

Rupprecht certainly commanded both his army and his army group in battle, but he had small influence either on strategy or on tactical policy. Ludendorff and his planning team would make the decisions; the army group Chiefs of Staff would be summoned to a conference, where they would be told what was required of them and asked for their opinions, but not those of their chiefs; then, without seeing Hindenburg, they would return, inform their chiefs, and make the arrangements day by day, week by week, constantly on the telephone with Ludendorff, and, if they were loyal, telling their chiefs each day of the developments. It was a disagreeable system for a commander-in-chief, but was perhaps made bearable for the princes by the fact that it applied also in some degree to those who were not princes, to a group commander, for instance, as capable and experienced as General von Gallwitz. It was not even efficient in all cases. Certain chances were lost through irresolution and chopping and changing of a sort peculiar to juntas.

Rupprecht's fighting record was none the less good. His nerves were strong. His diary, well known to every serious student of the First World War, exhibits him as shrewd and sensible, with a sound strategic eye. He did particularly well in the first days of the war in Lorraine and again in the great defensive battles in Flanders in 1917. The offensives of 1918 in which he was involved (Somme and Lys) have been belittled, but those who recall them, the Somme especially, will admit that they had to be taken very seriously at the time. Some who were both good judges and unafraid, thought it more than even money on a final German victory. On the defensive and in the long withdrawal, the northern army group was handled with ability.

The factor in which Rupprecht was distinguished from the rest was, however, his objectivity. Ludendorff perhaps saw as clearly, and as soon as he did, the danger which faced Germany as early as the latter part of 1916, but Ludendorff was by nature a gambler, whose venturesome instincts choked his objectivity. Rupprecht had the more critical spirit. His pleas that there should be no annexations and that Alsace and Lorraine should be granted autonomy are, in themselves, proof of this. On March 27, 1918, at the height of the great offensive of that month, when he was denied a small reinforcement, he exclaimed: "Then we have lost the war!" These were imprudent words, but they were also realistic. On August 15, a week after the Allies had turned to the counter-offensive, he wrote that the Germans could not fight through the winter, that a catastrophe might occur earlier, and that peace negotiations should be opened with the enemy, Britain especially.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CAREER OF A BAVARIAN PRINCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

These forebodings did not make him fight any the less stubbornly. He differed from Ludendorff in another respect, that of being solid where the latter was brittle. It cannot be doubted that if he had been able to launch the last offensive which was to have decided the war for Germany, he would have struck hard. For several weeks his arm was uplifted above the British, but the victories of their right wing and on the French front drained away his resources, until at last the project was quietly buried. His best opportunity was thus denied to him, and he had to resign himself to defeat. He knew that defeat was likely to mean more for him than for those less highly placed, and that the famous Wittelsbach dynasty was, in all probability, doomed.

Nazi Party. His quarrel was with their deeds, the fruits of their evil tree. The record of the Roman Catholic Church in Nazi Germany is high, and few laymen have a better one than Rupprecht. It is fair to say that his birth and popularity rendered it difficult for the Nazis to handle him as they would have liked to, but unfair to deny that he displayed boldness and took appreciable risks. He was the staunch ally of Cardinal Archbishop von Faulhaber, who, as a Prince of the Church, was in a similar position, with a prestige which daunted the Nazis but did not provide full assurance of safety. After some of Faulhaber's most outspoken sermons, Rupprecht would wait for him, and the Cardinal Archbishop and the man who still bore the title of Crown Prince would emerge side by side into the cheering streets.

In the earlier part of the period between the two great wars, Prince Rupprecht had become involved, apparently against his will, in an agitation for a restoration of the monarchy. After the Second World War he refused to take part in the activities of a monarchist party which arose in Bavaria, though this was not illegal or violent. In that respect he later changed his mind and became a patron of royalist bodies. But his popularity went far beyond the narrow boundaries of practical royalist opinion. It is to be noted also that it extended far beyond the peasantry, which has in many countries been the backer of lost causes. In fact, Munich was its chief centre. The people of Bavaria were not in the main royalists, but the proportion of them who did not entertain respect and regard for him was small. And year by year, as he grew older, people seemed to grow fonder of him. Torchlight processions celebrated his arrival at the Nymphenburg Palace on his return to Munich in 1953.

It is interesting to study the high popularity and deep affection accorded to the head of a deposed ruling house which there has never been any serious prospect of restoring. One explanation is simply that he lived to a hale old age. The honest and sincere man who does that has an advantage over him who dies young, in that he is allowed to prove his consistency. Year by year people hear him saying the right thing and watch him doing it—it may be nothing brilliant or outstanding, but the consistency of high-mindedness and of friendliness gradually conquers hearts. Such an old man becomes a worthy. If he possesses also the kind of humour which appeals to those about him, as Prince Rupprecht did, he becomes also a character. And if he represents what people like to regard as the higher qualities of their race, his success will be further assured.

This is not to cheapen his merits. The characteristics described are not easily acquired or maintained, least of all the consistency. And I find it rather pleasing that in the region where the maggot of Nazi philosophy was first hatched, people should make a hero of an old man who was so far from flashy, so incapable of creating the unhealthy and incantatory fervour in which Hitler specialised, so down-to-earth, and, at the same time, so kindly. I repeat that I cannot describe Prince Rupprecht as great in any respect, in peace or war, in mental equipment or in achievement. If he had been, he might have been able to avert the disaster which he saw coming and could not prevent in 1916 to 1918, or have made more effective his resistance to the Nazis both before and after they attained power.

Prince Rupprecht was descended from James I., and therefore from the early Tudors, the line of Scottish Stuart sovereigns, the Houses of York and Lancaster, the Plantagenets and the Normans.

A few eccentrics or humorists affected to regard him as the rightful heir to our throne. He was too practical to worry his head about the matter, though prepared to talk and laugh about it. It is not to be supposed that this was one of his worries in the First World War. There is, however, evidence in his diary that he retained, during that period, an interest in the Belgian Royal family, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium being both his kinswoman by blood and his sister-in-law. He was astonished that King Albert should send his son to and fro between Eton and La Panne in face of the submarine menace. This shows that even a man in his position was kept in the dark by the Supreme Command, because, in fact, the menace was hardly appreciable in the Channel.



RECALLING PERSONALITIES AND MARKING EVENTS OF FRENCH HISTORY: A NOTABLE NEW ISSUE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

A new issue of French postage stamps includes six bearing heads of celebrated men, each of which carries a surtax in aid of the French Red Cross. The persons represented are Philippe Auguste, first French King to make Paris his capital city; Malherbe, official poet at the Court of Henry IV.; Vauban, the Royal engineer and specialist in the construction of fortifications; Vergennes, the last great Royalist statesman before the Revolution; Laplace, the eminent scientist, known for his idea of the origin and evolution of the Solar System; and Renoir, the famous nineteenth-century painter. Events in French history are also commemorated by new stamps. These include the centenary of the voyage of the corvette *La Capricieuse* between France and Canada, and the sixtieth anniversary of the French Cinema Industry, which is marked by a stamp bearing the heads of the Lumière Brothers, pioneers of the industry, and an early film projector. Jacques Cœur, the merchant prince who built himself a palace at Bourges, is also featured on another stamp.

Stamps supplied by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.

So it proved. His father was now an old man, but had borne the title of King of Bavaria for five years only, after a long regency to a mentally incapable sovereign. He was dethroned and lived only three years longer. Prince Rupprecht, still under fifty and younger than his years in appearance and physique, good-looking and likeable, faced a new world, in his own not inconsiderable corner of which he was to play as big a part as he had played in the war. He possessed the quality to be found in the majority of members of Royal houses, even those of no more than average ability, of picking up many things and remembering a great deal. Though not exercising Royal functions, he knew how the game should be played in the modern world. That splendid Bavarian accent was certainly



## SMILING SOVIET LEADERS AND THEIR GUESTS: A UNIQUE GARDEN PARTY.



SEATED BENEATH AN AWNING, SERVED WITH CAVIARE, SALMON, CRAB, CHICKEN SOUP, STURGEON, VENISON, ICE-CREAM, MELON AND OTHER DELICACIES, AND LISTENING TO ORCHESTRAL MUSIC: SOME OF THE 250 GUESTS AT LUNCHEON DURING THE UNIQUE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY MARSHAL BULGANIN SIXTY MILES FROM MOSCOW.



THE SMILING OARSMAN, MR. MIKOYAN, SCULLING THE WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR OVER THE LAKE: A GAY INCIDENT DURING A GAY OCCASION.



FORSAKING AN OAR TO AID HIS EXPOSITION WITH A GESTURE: MR. MOLOTOV AFLOAT WITH THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR AND THE WIFE OF THE INDONESIAN AMBASSADOR.



CONSOLING OUR CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, MR. PARROTT, ON WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS' DEFEAT, MARSHAL BULGANIN AMUSES (L. TO R.) MARSHAL ZHUKOV AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV.



POINTING TO THE TELEVISION SET, MARSHAL BULGANIN COMMENTS ON THE GAME TO MR. PARROTT, NEXT TO WHOM (FRONT) IS MR. MIKOYAN. MR. MALENKOV IS AT THE EXTREME LEFT.

On Sunday, August 7, Marshal Bulganin, the Russian Prime Minister, was the host at a remarkable garden party to which all foreign Ambassadors in Moscow and many other guests were invited. Held in a park formerly owned by Catherine the Great, the attractions included a six-course lunch, with orchestral accompaniment, boating on the lake, a sculling contest between Mr. Mikoyan, a Deputy Prime Minister, and the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Bohlen, a television broadcast of the

Wolverhampton Wanderers *versus* Spartak football match, and the delights of the gardens themselves, to which the guests were introduced with courtesy and charm by Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Kaganovich, Mr. Malenkov, Marshal Zhukov, and other Soviet leaders. At luncheon, the toast—proposed by Marshal Bulganin—was to "Our dear guests," and the spirit of hospitality and friendliness embodied in his words was manifested in all the events of that unprecedented afternoon.



# THE QUEEN IN ABERYSTWYTH: THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF WALES OPENED.



ENTERING THE COMPLETED BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF WALES: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND LORD LISBURNE, LORD LIEUTENANT OF CARDIGANSHIRE.



AT THE PLANT BREEDING STATION: THE QUEEN WITH PRINCIPAL GORONWY REES, AND (BEHIND) SIR DAVID HUGHES PARRY (LIGHT GOWN), AND THE DUKE.



THE QUEEN AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT ABERYSTWYTH: HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE WELSH GUARDS.



THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF WALES, WHOSE ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN LINKED WITH FOUR BRITISH SOVEREIGNS: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LISTENING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME READ BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LIBRARY, LORD HARLECH.



AT ABERYSTWYTH STATION: THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH "MISS WALES," OF THE WELSH TOURIST BOARD, WATCHED BY THE DUKE, LORD LISBURNE AND THE MAYOR OF ABERYSTWYTH, ALDERMAN W. G. ROWLANDS.



AT THE PLANT BREEDING STATION: THE QUEEN ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM MISS JENNY RISES. SIR DAVID HUGHES PARRY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, IS SEATED ON THE LEFT.

The Royal visit to Aberystwyth on August 8 for the opening by the Queen of the completed buildings of the National Library of Wales was a historic occasion, for the establishment of this Welsh treasure-house of books and manuscripts has been linked with four Sovereigns—King Edward VII., who granted the Charter in 1907; King George V., who laid the foundation-stone in 1911; and King George VI., who opened part of the building in 1937. In her speech her Majesty

recalled that her "illustrious predecessor," Queen Elizabeth I., had commanded that the Bible be translated into Welsh; and spoke of the Principality as "a small but distinctive" member of the family of nations. Before reaching the Library, the Royal party visited the Plant Breeding Station of the University of Wales and her Majesty opened new H.Q. and experimental grounds. After inspecting Pembroke Castle, the Queen and the Duke left Pembroke Dock for *Britannia*.



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN: HER MAJESTY'S MEMORABLE TOUR.



ON HER ARRIVAL AT DOUGLAS PIER: HER MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE GUARD OF HONOUR PROVIDED BY THE LOCAL R.A.F. STATION PRESENTED ARMS. THE QUEEN WAS GREETED AT THE PIER BY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, SIR AMBROSE FLUX DUNDAS.



PRESIDING OVER A MEETING OF THE TYNWALD COURT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER: HER MAJESTY LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME PRESENTED BY SIR JOSEPH QUALTROUGH, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF KEYS, IN THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING IN DOUGLAS.

Although it rained when the Queen paid her first visit to the Isle of Man, on August 9, it was a day which will never be forgotten. For the first time for more than a century a visiting monarch was able to land on the Isle of Man at the intended port—unlike her predecessors back to Queen Victoria, who had to switch their points of disembarkation because of the bad conditions. The Royal yacht *Britannia*, which had made an overnight voyage from Milford Haven, anchored off Douglas shortly after 9 a.m., and an hour later the Queen

and the Duke of Edinburgh stepped ashore at Douglas Pier from the Royal barge. During their visit, the Queen and the Duke drove round the island from Douglas to Castletown, over to Peel, and then round the coast to Ramsey and back to Douglas. The Queen presided at a meeting of Tynwald, her oldest Parliament, and the ceremony was relayed to the crowds outside. At the "Fairy Bridge," seven miles from Douglas, the Queen observed the custom of acknowledging the fairies who, according to legend, are supposed to live there.



## THE QUEEN'S CRUISE ENDS: SCENES IN GALLOWAY, CAITHNESS AND ABERDEEN.



OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT NEWTON-STEWART DURING THE TOUR OF GALLOWAY: THE QUEEN, WITH LORD STAIR, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF WIGTOWNSHIRE.



THE LAST PORT OF CALL OF THE ROYAL CRUISE ROUND WALES AND SCOTLAND: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GREETED BY THE LORD PROVOST AT ABERDEEN.



DISSEMBARKING FROM *BRITANNIA* AT ABERDEEN: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO HAD JOINED THE ROYAL PARTY AT STRANRAER, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh ended their cruise in *Britannia* on August 13, when they arrived at Aberdeen, and after fulfilling several engagements, drove to Balmoral to begin their summer holiday. On August 10 her Majesty and the Duke landed at Cairnryan, where they were received by Colonel Lord Stair, and after visiting Stranraer, Whithorn, Wigtown and Newton-Stewart, attended the Stranraer and Rhins of Galloway Agricultural Show and saw a pageant of Galloway



THE QUEEN MOTHER GIVES HER GRANDSON, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, A HUG: THE VISIT TO CAITHNESS; WITH PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE (LEFT).

history arranged in their honour. Later they drove to Lochinch Castle and had tea with Lord Stair. Earlier in the afternoon the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne had arrived at the Castle with Princess Margaret, who had flown from the North of Scotland to Stranraer and then driven to Lochinch. The Royal party also included Princess Andrew of Greece and Prince Michael of Kent. The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne enjoyed fishing in Loch Ryan.



INFORMAL MOMENTS  
OF THE CRUISE  
OF BRITANNIA: THE  
ROYAL CHILDREN  
ON BOARD AND  
ASHORE, AND THE  
VISIT TO THE  
QUEEN MOTHER'S  
CASTLE.

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(RIGHT.)  
RUNNING JOYFULLY UP THE SLIPWAY  
TO GREET HER GRANDMOTHER, THE  
QUEEN MOTHER (LEFT): PRINCESS  
ANNE, WITH (STILL ON BOARD) THE  
QUEEN (RIGHT) AND OTHER MEMBERS  
OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



(LEFT.)  
ABOUT TO RE-EMBARK IN  
BRITANNIA AT STRANRAER:  
THE DUKE OF CORNWALL,  
(CENTRE), FOLLOWED BY  
PRINCESS ANNE AND PRIN-  
CESS MARGARET (CHECKED  
SUIT). THE DUKE OF  
EDINBURGH (BACK TO  
CAMERA): THE QUEEN (R.)

*Continued.*  
various points. The high-  
lights of the tour, from the  
point of view of the Duke  
of Cornwall and Princess  
Anne, were, no doubt, the  
delightful afternoon they  
spent at Lord Stair's  
home, Lochinch Castle;  
and the visit on August 12  
to the Castle of Mey,  
Scottish home of their  
grandmother, H.M. Queen  
Elizabeth the Queen  
Mother. For this *Britannia*  
anchored in Dunnet Bay,  
Caithness, and the Queen,  
the Duke of Edinburgh,  
the Duke of Cornwall,  
Princess Anne, Princess  
Margaret, Prince Michael  
of Kent and Princess  
Andrew of Greece all came  
ashore and spent two  
hours at the Castle. The  
Queen Mother came to  
meet them at Dwarwick  
Pier, and Princess Anne,  
catching sight of her  
Royal grandmother, ran  
joyfully up the slipway to  
her. The Royal party  
re-embarked in *Britannia*  
at Scrabster; while the  
Queen Mother stood on  
the Castle tower and  
waved to them.

ALTHOUGH the  
Royal cruise in  
*Britannia* was  
primarily a progress  
by sea to enable her  
Majesty and the  
Duke of Edinburgh  
to carry out import-  
ant official engage-  
ments in Wales, the  
Isle of Man and  
Scotland, it was also  
an enjoyable tour for  
the Royal family;  
and in particular  
for the Queen's chil-  
dren. They took a  
deep interest in the  
ceremonial which  
attended the landing  
of their parents at  
[Continued above, right.]



(RIGHT.)  
WATCHING HER  
MAJESTY AND THE  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH  
LEAVE THE ROYAL  
YACHT AT CAIRNRHAN,  
PRINCESS ANNE AND  
THE DUKE OF CORN-  
WALL, WITH TWO  
NAVAL RATINGS.





**BRITAIN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL POST-WAR MILITARY AIRCRAFT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA JET BOMBER, SERVING SEVERAL PURPOSES AND HOLDING MANY WORLD RECORDS.**

In the chequered history of Britain's post-war development of military aircraft, some of the most glowing and successful passages relate to the performances of the English Electric *Canberra* jet bomber. When first projected in 1945, the designers considered the possibility of making it a swept-wing aircraft, but evidence that this might affect stability and reduce its performance persuaded them to rely on a combination of clean aerodynamic form and high thrusts for its speed, and on low wing loading for its performance at high altitudes. The many records achieved by this fine aircraft

and the relatively few setbacks experienced in its production, confirm the wisdom of this decision. Generally described, the *Canberra* is a twin-engine, mid-wing, high-speed tactical bomber. It carries a crew of three in a pressurised cabin, occupying the forward part of the fuselage. It is powered by two Rolls-Royce *Avon* axial flow jet turbines, and although its maximum speed is still secret, it is known to be well above 600 m.p.h. There have been nine versions of it to date, ranging from the trainer version (Mark 4) to the versatile night intruder (Mark 8), which can readily

be converted for high-altitude bombing, target marking or photographic reconnaissance. Some R.A.F. squadrons of the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force in Germany are shortly to be re-equipped with *Canberra* Mark 6 bombers specially fitted for ground attack operations at night. They carry bombs beneath the wings and a gun-pack containing four 20-mm. cannon beneath the fuselage. They will be followed into service by the Mark 5, now in production. The Mark 9, only recently announced, is a new photographic reconnaissance version, which can cruise higher and farther than any previous

mark. Some indication of its performance, details of which have not been disclosed, may be adduced from that of previous types, one of which gained the world height record of 63,668 ft. in May 1953, while in June of this year another *Canberra* flew the 3300 miles from Ottawa to London non-stop, arriving with five minutes' fuel left. Presumably the Mark 9 version is capable of better performances than either of these. It has a wing 4 ft. longer than earlier marks, which may allow larger fuel tanks. It has been ordered in quantity for the R.A.F.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LAST week I set out to tell of a number of Chilean plants which seemed to be celebrating what I described as a sort of Chile Week by all flowering at about the same time

—flowering, or drawing attention to themselves in one way or another. I seemed, however, to go so heavily broody over two plants, that before I realised what they were up to they had spread themselves over the whole of my page, leaving no room for any of the other candidates for notice. However, with a long vista of pages ahead of me—I hope—I did not and do not worry.

The two plants which took charge were the sumptuous *ligtu* hybrid *Alstræmerias* and the colummyish *Puya alpestris*, and I claim that there was every excuse for going broody over such a pair. Another plant from Chile—Chilean—Patagonia in this case—in flower just now is the gnome-like *Calceolaria darwinii*, about which I wrote in a recent article, and of which such a striking portrait-group appeared. So lifelike was it, and so absurdly like Snow White's Seven Dwarfs, that it seemed odd that the caption beneath did not say, "reading from left to right," etc. The plants of *C. darwinii* flowering here now are growing in peaty soil in a small, deep, square stone trough on the cool north side of the house.

Another Chilean—Patagonian plant which I collected is a shrub, *Verbena tridens*, known locally as *Maté negra*, but this is not now in flower. In fact, it has not flowered with me for several years, which is a pity, for the plant, when it does elect to blossom, wreathes its slender branches with a crowd of countless small, pale lilac, deliciously fragrant flowers. I remember a 3-ft. bush of *Verbena tridens* growing in the late Frank Barker's garden at Stevenage, which on occasion would smother itself with blossoms, the scent of which filled the air for yards around. That specimen was growing in very stiff, almost clayey soil in an open, sunny position. My largest *Maté negra* here is planted at the foot of a west wall, and will insist on sprawling forward in a most tiresome and slovenly attitude. I have tied it up to a stake to its full 3-ft. height, but still it droops forward and struggles to sprawl. However, it is making plenty of good, healthy heath-like growth, so that if and when it decides to flower, it should be a splendid reward for my tolerant patience with its wilful ways. I have recently come to the conclusion that I have planted this *Verbena tridens* in an unsuitable position. The wall at its back is partly responsible for its insistence on sprawling forward. But apart from that, it is, in nature, a bit of a sprawler. Very well, then. An inveterate sprawler should surely be allowed to sprawl in its own wild way. This specimen is too well-established and too rare to risk transplanting it. I must leave it to sprawl and droop from its supporting stake. But I had a younger, pot-grown *Maté negra*, and this I have recently planted out at the edge of a bed which is supported by a 3-ft. retaining wall, down the face of which it may now loll to its heart's content, and look completely happy and natural in the process.

Another Chilean verbenas which I collected, and which is flowering here now, is *Verbena corymbosa*—a very different type of plant. It is a hardy herbaceous perennial, with handsome corymbs of blossom which look extraordinarily like heliotrope. They smell, too, like heliotrope, though the scent is less powerful. I found this delightful plant in the neighbourhood of Valdivia, in South Chile, where it grew abundantly in damp places—stream sides and the banks of ditches. I have already written about *Verbena corymbosa* on

## MORE OF CHILE WEEK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



"A HARDY HERBACEOUS PERENNIAL, WITH HANDSOME CORYMBES OF BLOSSOM WHICH LOOK EXTRAORDINARILY LIKE HELIOTROPE . . . A VALUABLE AND MOST ATTRACTIVE CONTRIBUTION TO THE HERBACEOUS BORDER": *VERBENA CORYMBOSA*, ONE OF THE CHILEAN VERBENAS WHICH MR. ELLIOTT COLLECTED WHICH IS FLOWERING IN HIS GARDEN.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.



"IN A QUIET SORT OF WAY IT IS A GREAT FAVOURITE OF MINE": *VERBENA THYMIFOLIA*, THE SHRUBBY ANDEAN SPECIES OF VERBENA WHICH, MR. ELLIOTT WRITES, GIVES THE IMPRESSION—DUE TO WRONG SITING—THAT IT HAS THE FAULT OF HAVING A STRAGGLY HABIT.

Photograph by Donald F. Merrett.

this page, but make no apology for discussing it again, for I consider it a valuable and most attractive contribution to the herbaceous border and, as far as I can remember, the only really reliably hardy herbaceous species. It has lived here, planted out in ordinary, rather heavy loam, for the last six or seven years, and has survived some exceptionally severe winters, without protection of any kind and without showing the slightest sign of distress. If it has a preference in the matter of soil, I would say that it is for rather rich moisture-retaining loam, and it is especially effective when massed in good, wide, generous clumps. This should not be difficult to manage, for cuttings are very easily rooted, and the plant sends out numerous prostrate running stems. When I first saw *Verbena corymbosa* running around in this way, I feared that here, perhaps, was another charmer destined to become a land-grabbing nuisance, another gad-about weed, maybe. My fears were groundless. *Verbena corymbosa's* garden manners have remained exemplary, its hitherings and thitherings perfectly open and above-board. No plunging underground and then popping up in dozens of unwanted eruptions for yards around in all directions. No, my verbenas spreads on the surface, and so is quite easy to keep under control. In fact, the normal giving of cuttings—the ends of runners, rooted or unrooted—to visiting friends should automatically keep a colony of the plant under perfect control. One patch at the front of a mixed border here has a pleasing habit of edging over on to the gravel path and taking root there, and I have a feeling that this unconventional behaviour rather distresses my day-and-a-half-a-week gardener, though I am bound to admit that, it though his hoe may, he respects the trespassers, which come in useful as manavilin-gifts. Whilst on the subject of verbenas, I must mention the shrubby Andean

species, *Verbena thymifolia*, which is flourishing here just now, although it was, I believe, collected on the Argentine side of the Andes by H. Comber. I think it probable, however, that it exists on the Chilean side as well.

In a quiet sort of way *Verbena thymifolia* is a great favourite of mine, though my son refuses to get worked up about it. He admits that it's "quite a nice little shrub," but nothing more. But, then, he has not seen the wonderful specimen of it that I once saw flowering on the great rock garden at the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens. The plant grew cocked up to a height of a couple of feet or so between boulders, and had formed a compact, rounded cushion of wiry growth clothed with small, heath-like foliage, and covered all over with myriads of thumb-nail heads of small, pale lilac flowers on 3- to 4-in. stems. They were intensely and deliciously fragrant. That is my recollection of the Edinburgh specimen of *Verbena thymifolia* at a distance of a dozen or so years. Each of the several specimens of this verbenas growing here have evidently been planted in unsuitable positions, with their backs to walls. The result is that they have spread

away from their wall backings, producing eventually long, bare, trailing woody stems, with tufts of leaf-clothed growth at their extreme ends carrying a fair crop of flower-heads, which, however, make little real show, enough only to remind me of the great charm of the Edinburgh plant. The fact is they give the impression—due to wrong siting—that *Verbena thymifolia* is a species with the fault of having a straggly habit. Without fail, I must find a raised open position for this excellent little shrub, away from any wall-backing, where it will be free to bulge and burgeon into the charmer it is naturally willing to become.

### AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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TRAGIC ACCIDENTS IN GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND THE U.S., AND AN ATTACK ON A BRITISH STEAMER.



A TRAGIC AIR CRASH IN WHICH SIXTY-SIX MEN DIED: WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO U.S. TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT WHICH COLLIDED IN A WOOD NEAR FREUDENSTADT.

On August 11 two U.S. troop-carrying aircraft collided in mid-air on a training flight and crashed in a wood near Freudenstadt, some 30 miles west of Stuttgart. All sixty-six men on board were killed. Both aircraft were of the C-119, type-known as "Flying Boxcars"—and formed part of a training flight of nine carrying troops of the U.S. Seventh Army.



AFTER THE MID-AIR COLLISION NEAR FREUDENSTADT: TWO U.S. SOLDIERS STANDING GUARD OVER THE STILL-BURNING WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE U.S. C-119 TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT.



AFTER AN EXPLOSION WHICH KILLED AT LEAST TWENTY-ONE PEOPLE: FIREMEN DIGGING AMIDST THE WRECKAGE OF A BLOCK OF BUILDINGS AT ANDOVER, OHIO.

On August 10 an explosion wrecked a block of buildings at Andover, Ohio, and killed at least twenty-one people, many of whom had taken shelter in a restaurant during a heavy rainstorm. At the time of writing the cause of the explosion is still unknown. (Radio photograph.)



SCARRED WITH BULLET-HOLES AFTER THE BOMB-AND-MACHINE-GUN ATTACK IN THE MIN RIVER ESTUARY: THE BRITISH STEAMER INCHWELLS ARRIVING IN HONG KONG.

The British steamer *Inchwells* arrived in Hong Kong from Foochow on August 7 badly scarred, after being bombed and machine-gunned by Chinese Nationalist aircraft in the Min River Estuary on August 3. A strong British protest was delivered to the authorities in Formosa on August 6.



SCENE OF A ROAD ACCIDENT IN WHICH FIFTEEN PEOPLE DIED: A MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR BOURG ST. PIERRE, IN SWITZERLAND, SHOWING (RIGHT) WHERE A COACH LEFT THE ROAD AND PLUNGED INTO A RAVINE, HITTING ROCKS AND TREES AS IT FELL.

Fifteen people were killed and six seriously injured on August 13 when a French motor-coach carrying twenty-three French and Belgian tourists left the road and plunged into a ravine on an approach to the Great St. Bernard Pass, near Bourg St. Pierre, in Switzerland. Rescuers were lowered on ropes.



AFTER PLUNGING INTO THE RAVINE: THE WRECKED COACH LYING ON THE RIVER-BED, 350 FT. BELOW THE ROAD.





VENETIAN painting, no less than the unique and incomparable city, has always exercised a special fascination over the rest of Europe, and for all kinds of reasons, some of them purely sentimental and nostalgic. The political and commercial empire of Venice declined, but the pageantry, the buildings and the water remained. By the eighteenth century it was already a tourists' paradise, and the painters, no longer, or but rarely, called upon to glorify the Republic, produced innumerable views of buildings and canals and fiestas and charming little interior scenes exactly to the taste of the times.

Canaletto and his followers, and later Francesco Guardi, left imperishable memorials of the city's outward aspect and its social life, with Longhi the chief among a whole host of minor men who would paint you a concert, or a lady having her hair dressed or a dance with equal competence. It was a world in which the trivial took high place. One man, G. B. Tiepolo (1696-1770), stood a little aside from all this, harking back to an older tradition, that of the sixteenth century and Veronese, but translating that tradition into an eighteenth-century language of extraordinary vivacity. Here is a Phaidon book, by Antonio Morassi,\* translated from the Italian, which tells us nearly all we need to know about him; a second volume will complete the picture. The text, a nice amalgam of learning and enthusiasm, is as lively as the pictures it discusses. Occasionally, however, I find myself carping at what seems to me over-praise; judging by the illustration (Plate 1 in the volume) of the Venus with a Mirror, painted when he was about twenty-nine, he had already reached near-maturity; that is, if you look at it by itself without reference to a more famous work. But compare it with the Velasquez of the same subject in the National Gallery, so grave, so detached, so beautifully poised, and Tiepolo appears theatrically fidgety, for all his enchanting passages of paint. Not fair, you say, to

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A GAY ENCHANTER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

theme to the end; I merely suggest that all the grace, vivacity and delicate colour in the world cannot conceal the fact that the young Tiepolo was bold and original, but the child of a period which liked fuss. He is, I would say, a gay enchanter; there is little about him that is profound even in his religious pictures; the eye is liable to be distracted by the jolliest, pinkest cherubs it is possible to imagine, which no woman, surely, could resist; and, now I come to

proceeds to knock it down and, if I read him aright, would like to persuade us that appreciation in a man's own lifetime makes it necessary for posterity to agree. He even cites Rembrandt as one of those great ones who were successful and famous in their day; but surely his contemporaries applauded Rembrandt for his early work and ignored just those paintings of his last years by which we set such store. I would suggest the argument does not get us very far. Whether we like it or no, each generation is entitled to form its own judgment of past and present performance. Enormous frescoes in Venice and in other palaces in Italy; three years (1750-1753) at Würzburg decorating the Residenz of the Prince-Bishop; further activity in Venice and the Veneto; work for Russia, for Sweden; and, finally (1762-1770), a summons to Madrid to decorate the newly-built Royal Palace for Charles III. of Spain; it is a story of continuous success, with the exception of the last few years, when he found himself the victim of Court intrigues.

It is possible that in the not too distant future fresco painting in great public buildings will be once again in favour, in which case we shall be more attuned to the extraordinary achievement of Tiepolo in covering so many ceilings, so many walls, with lively swirling allegories which mean very little, and express that little so gracefully. Meanwhile, the majority of us, at any rate in England, are more sympathetic to the drawings and oil sketches, and to the few delicately painted pictures on a small scale in which this lively, gifted Master seems to be working not so much for the world of fashion as for a few sensitive individuals. I, for one, am grateful to the author for introducing me to such a picture as Plate 93—"The Flight into Egypt"—from a private collection in Lisbon, in which, beneath a great rock, the Mother and Child and St. Joseph are being poled along in a boat by the noblest of angels, while a pair of swans float gracefully on the water in the foreground. In this, as in other paintings of a similar character, the busy, able, enormously successful deviser of vast mythological ceilings comes near to tenderness and sincerity. Signor Morassi himself, for all his enthusiasm for the more spectacular work, admits that in this series which belongs to his last years, "the soul of the



"APOLLO'S STEEDS"; DETAIL FROM "APOLLO CONDUCTING BEATRICE OF BURGUNDY TO BARBAROSSA," 1751-52; FRESCO BY G. B. TIEPOLO (1696-1770) ON THE CEILING OF THE KAISERSAAL, WÜRZBURG RESIDENZ. "The frescoes in the Kaisersaal of the Residenz, Würzburg, were to glorify some episodes in the life of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, by whom the Bishop of Würzburg was invested in 1168. On the ceiling Tiepolo painted 'Apollo Conducting Beatrice of Burgundy to Barbarossa.'"

think of it, to be wafted to heaven amid such an escort would be a wholly delightful experience. It is this pretty worldliness which endears him to us; we can accept the swirling fantasies of his vast compositions and concentrate upon the details—such a detail, for example, as the Christ Child from the Munich "Adoration of the Magi" (Plate 52), one of the most lovable human infants ever painted.

None the less, Tiepolo's heart remains on his sleeve; he is capable of tenderness rather than of deep emotion. And how he loves sumptuous dresses, all blues and yellows and delicate pinks! We in this country have to go to Edinburgh, to the National Gallery there, to appreciate his extraordinary virtuosity in this respect, for there Pharaoh's daughter, a fair-haired, fashionable Venetian, accompanied by her duenna, pages, dwarf, handmaidens and dogs, looks down with fastidious surprise at the squalling Moses just rescued from his basket of reeds; however absurd the convention, how magnificent a canvas and—the word will insist upon writing itself—what superb theatre!

In the course of more than half-a-century of continuous activity, says Signor Morassi, "Tiepolo is not a member of that company of artists misunderstood in their own times. Indeed, so fully did he realise the ideals of the eighteenth century, and with such vivacity and imaginative power, that the whole of Europe—with the possible exception of France—saw in him the great standard-bearer of contemporary painting. It is no coincidence that from about 1736, when he was invited to go to Sweden, until 1760, when he went to Madrid, every Court of the age competed for his works." Then comes a piece of ingenious special pleading: "It may be said at once that the fact that he was loaded with the highest honours during his lifetime should not be held against him. There is, nowadays, a certain type of criticism which seeks to uphold the risky thesis that an artist's greatness is in inverse relation to his popularity among his contemporaries." Having set up this skittle, the author



"THE CHRIST CHILD"—"ONE OF THE MOST LOVABLE HUMAN INFANTS EVER PAINTED"; DETAIL FROM "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," 1753, BY G. B. TIEPOLO. Canvas; Alte Pinakotek, Munich.

"It is this pretty worldliness which endears him [Tiepolo] to us," writes Frank Davis, "we can accept the swirling fantasies of his vast compositions and concentrate upon the details—such a detail, for example, as the Christ Child from the Munich 'Adoration of the Magi,' one of the most lovable human infants ever painted." Illustrations by courtesy of the Phaidon Press, publishers of the book reviewed on this page.



"TIEPOLO'S SELF-PORTRAIT, AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-SEVEN, WITH HIS SON DOMENICO," 1753; DETAIL FROM THE CEILING FRESCO IN THE RESIDENZ, WÜRZBURG.

Tiepolo, during his three years' stay in Würzburg (1750-53), carried out the immense pictorial schemes of decoration in the Residenz. On the ceiling of the Grand Staircase he depicted Olympus, and introduced a self-portrait and a portrait of his son, Domenico.

make such a comparison, with nearly 200 years between the two pictures? True enough, if you pursue the

\* "G. B. Tiepolo, His Life and Work," By Antonio Morassi. 180 Illustrations, 9 in Full Colour. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)

artist is reflected with a limpid sincerity of expression." There are 180 excellent illustrations and nine colour-plates, with, of course, appropriate notes.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE NEW U.S. AIR FORCE SECRETARY : MR. D. QUARLES.**  
On August 11, President Eisenhower appointed as the new Secretary of the U.S. Air Force Mr. Donald Quarles, aged sixty-one. Mr. Quarles is at present Assistant Secretary of Defence for Research and Development. The former Secretary, Mr. Talbott, resigned recently after a Senate Investigations Sub-Committee inquiry.

**DIED ON AUGUST 10 : LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ALAN MOUNT.**  
Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alan Mount, who was Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways from 1929-49, died on August 10, aged seventy-four. After his retirement, under the age limit, in 1949, he continued to serve the Railway Executive as consultant on safety measures. He was made a C.B.E. in 1919, a C.B. in 1931, and received a knighthood in 1941.

**DIED ON AUGUST 8 : MISS MADGE ELLIOTT.**  
Born in 1898 of Australian descent, Miss Madge Elliott first made her name in Australia as an actress and dancer. Her London debut was in "Better Days" in 1925. She made many successes playing opposite to Mr. Cyril Ritchard (whom she married in 1935), in revue, light comedy and musical comedy; including revivals of old favourites such as "The Merry Widow."

**DIED AGED SEVENTY-TWO : LORD RAMSDEN.**  
Lord Ramsden's political career was interrupted by service in World War I. He contested Spen Valley in 1923; and was Member (U.), Bradford North, 1924-29 and 1931-45. He was chairman, National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, 1938-39; and of the National Executive Committee, 1938-43.

**APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE T.G.W.U. : MR. F. COUSINS.**  
The position of Assistant Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union was filled by the appointment, announced on August 15, of Mr. Cousins, formerly National Secretary of the Union's Commercial Road Transport Group. Aged fifty, he was born in Yorkshire and became a lorry-driver after working as a miner.



**A CELEBRATED NOVELIST DIES : MR. THOMAS MANN.**  
The celebrated German-born novelist, Mr. Thomas Mann, died at his home in Zurich on August 12. He was eighty. A writer of great intellectual power, he enjoyed an international following, and won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. After being deprived of his German nationality by the Nazi leaders, he took first Czechoslovak and then United States citizenship, finally making his home in Switzerland. He was honoured by both West and East Germany in recent years.



**ARRIVING AT TEHRAN ON A STATE VISIT : KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA (CENTRE) GREETED BY THE SHAH (EXTREME RIGHT).**  
Arriving by air at Tehran on August 9 at the start of his State visit, King Saud of Saudi Arabia was greeted at the airport by his host, the Shah of Persia, who was wearing the uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the Persian Army. The King was accompanied by a suite of five Royal Princes and eighty followers. He is the first ruler of Saudi Arabia to visit Persia, and his tour was planned to include the Caspian Sea region and military and industrial centres. Thousands of people gathered in the streets of Tehran to welcome him, and arches were erected in the city in his honour.



**DEATH OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN : LORD HORDER.**  
The death occurred on August 13 at his home in Hampshire of Lord Horder, the eminent physician. He was eighty-four. In his outstanding career he attended five monarchs and was Royal physician in three reigns. Born at Shaftesbury, he derived his medical education at the University of London and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A trenchant and respected spokesman for the medical profession, his personal interests were no less varied than his professional ones.



**A U.S. AMBASSADOR AND HIS SON KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT IN SIAM : MR. JOHN PEURIFOY.**  
The United States Ambassador to Siam, Mr. John Peurifoy, and his nine-year-old son were killed on August 12 when the car in which they were travelling collided with a lorry near Hua Hin. Another son, aged fourteen, was critically injured. The Ambassador is seen above at the wheel of his car with his younger son. Mr. Peurifoy, who was the American Ambassador in Guatemala at the time of the rising there last year, was forty-eight.



**A NOTED MOTOR MANUFACTURER DIES : SIR CHARLES BARTLETT.**  
The managing director of Vauxhall Motors for twenty-three years and chairman from 1953 until last December, Sir Charles Bartlett died at his home in Hertfordshire on August 10, aged sixty-five. He left school to work in a bicycle shop at the age of twelve, but his success came after joining General Motors Ltd. as a clerk, for after six years he became that Company's managing director. He was appointed managing director of Vauxhall Motors in 1930.



**NEW DIRECTOR METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART : MR. JAMES J. RORIMER.**  
Mr. James J. Rorimer was on August 3 unanimously elected Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. He came to the Museum immediately upon graduating from Harvard in 1927; and has specialised in Renaissance and Mediaeval Art. He has been Curator of Mediaeval Art since 1934 and Director of The Cloisters (a section containing collections mainly presented by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.) since 1949. Mr. Rorimer planned and developed The Cloisters.



## A LONDON LANDMARK, WHITE CITY ATHLETICS, AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



TO BE TAKEN DOWN AND RE-ERECTED AT NEWMARKET: TATTERSALLS ARCH AT THEIR KENSINGTON OFFICES IN LONDON. Tattersalls arch at their offices at Knightsbridge Green, Kensington, is to be taken down and re-erected at their Newmarket establishment. The Kensington premises, which were once famous as the horse auction mart, but have recently been used for storage purposes, are to be pulled down to make way for a block of offices which will be built on the site.



PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN MOTHER TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: KING GEORGE VI.'S SWORD. King George VI.'s sword, given to him by his father in 1915, which he constantly wore when in naval uniform, is now a treasured memento in Westminster Abbey. It was formally handed over to the Dean and Chapter by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on behalf of herself and the Queen on July 7. (Photograph by R. P. Howgrave-Graham.)



ILLUSTRATING THE RISE OF THE BOROUGH OF BIRKENHEAD: A MURAL BY MR. ERIC KENNINGTON. This photograph shows a 15-ft.-high mural by Mr. Eric Kennington, A.R.A., which is in the foyer of the Assembly Hall at Birkenhead Technical College. It illustrates the rise of the Borough of Birkenhead from the first ferry across the Mersey and the religious foundation adjoining the ferry landing.



WINNING THE 880 YARDS EVENT FROM SZENTGALI (HUNGARY) AFTER A GRUELLING RACE: B. S. HEWSON, OF GREAT BRITAIN. Surprise was the key-note of the Britain versus Hungary international athletics match held at the White City on August 12 and 13, which Hungary won by 116½ points to 93½ in the men's events and Britain won by 60 points to 53 in the women's. The chief surprise was the defeat of Britain's C. Chataway by L. Tabori,



DEFEATING VERA NESZMEYI, OF HUNGARY, IN THE 220 YARDS: (LEFT) JEAN SCRIVENS (GREAT BRITAIN).



MUDDY BUT TRIUMPHANT, L. TABORI (HUNGARY) WINNING THE THREE-MILES EVENT FROM C. J. CHATAWAY, OF BRITAIN. of Hungary, in both the mile and the three-miles events. Somewhat unexpected, too, was Miss Jean Scrivens' excellent victory in the 220 yards over the European champion, Miss V. Neszmelyi, of Hungary. Another fine win was B. Hewson's in the half-mile in the remarkable time of 1 min. 48½ secs.



BUILT TO SUPPLY THE GROWING POPULATION OF CRAWLEY'S NEW TOWN: THE WEIR WOOD RESERVOIR, TO BE OPENED BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN SEPTEMBER. Weir Wood Reservoir, near East Grinstead, Sussex, has been transformed from a stream to a vast lake 40 ft. deep and 1,500 ft. wide to provide water for Crawley New Town. Built at a cost of £1,500,000, it is due to be officially opened by the Duke of Norfolk on September 19.



FIRST HOME IN THE COWES-FASTNET-PLYMOUTH RACE OF 605 MILES: THE SPANISH YACHT MARE NOSTRUM, 50 TONS. First home in the Fastnet Rock race which started at Cowes on August 6, was the 50-ton Spanish yawl *Mare Nostrum*, owned and sailed by Captain Enrique Urrutia and with a crew which included five Englishmen. The race was eventually won by the American yacht *Carina II*.



RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: RECENT NEWS ITEMS, AND AN I.R.A. OUTRAGE.



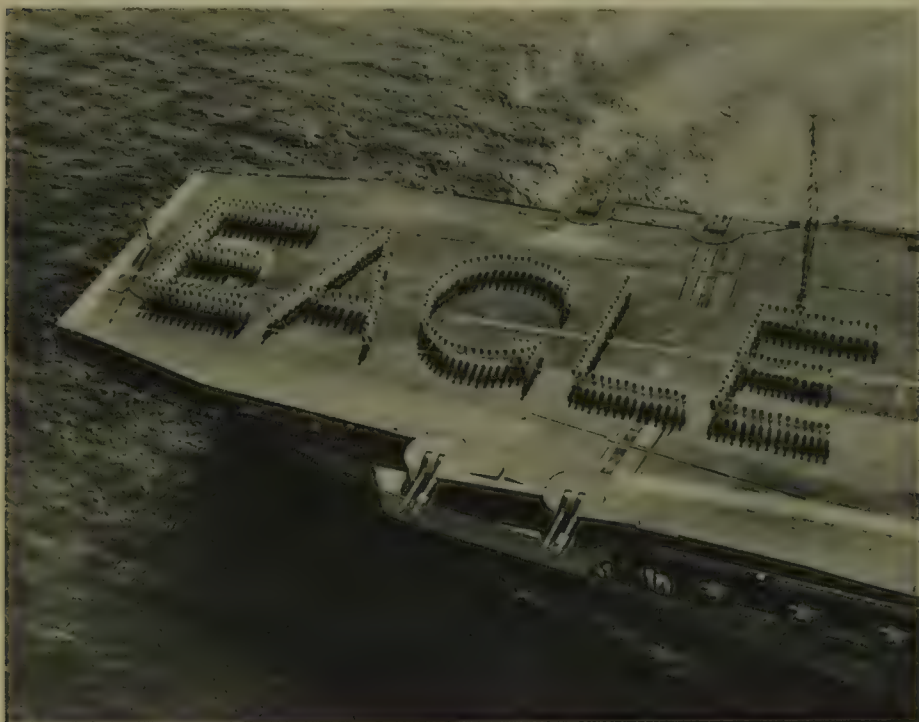
A BUMPER CROP OF GRAPES AT HAMPTON COURT: THE SPLENDID DISPLAY OF BUNCHES ON THE GREAT VINE, PLANTED BY "CAPABILITY" BROWN IN 1768.



TESTING A NEW MINIATURE RADIO FOR THE U.S. ARMY: A PRIVATE LISTENING TO INSTRUCTIONS OVER THE RECEIVER WHILE A CORPORAL TAKES NOTES.



THE TRACTION ENGINE DERBY AT PICKERING, YORKS: TWO COMPETITORS, RACING NECK AND NECK. THERE WAS A RECORD ENTRY OF SEVENTEEN.



H.M.S. EAGLE'S NAME WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY: A VIEW OF THE DISPLAY ON THE FORE-PART OF HER FLIGHT DECK TAKEN FROM HER HELICOPTER AS SHE STEAMED INTO NAPLES BAY.



THE PASSING OF A LANDMARK: DEMOLITION WORK ON THE OLD PREMISES OF THE CARLTON CLUB, IN PALL MALL, ERECTED IN 1854 AND BOMBED ON OCTOBER 14, 1940. THE CLUB NOW OCCUPIES ARTHUR'S CLUB OLD PREMISES, 69, ST. JAMES'S STREET.



THE SCENE OF AN I.R.A. RAID DURING WHICH A BIG HAUL OF WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION WAS MADE: NO. 5 TRAINING BN., R.E.M.E., AT ARBORFIELD, BERKS.

At 2 a.m. on August 13 a gang of Irishmen with loaded weapons visited No. 5 Training Bn., R.E.M.E., and held up the night guard, consisting of one sergeant, one corporal and twelve privates, and escaped with a haul of ammunition, including 303 rifles, Sten guns, Bren guns and a '38 pistol and ammunition. Early on



OPENLY RECRUITING FOR THE I.R.A. AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN LONDON: MR. DONALD RYAN, "SECRETARY OF THE LONDON DISTRICT COUNCIL OF SINN FEIN," SPEAKING ON AUGUST 14.

August 15 five masked and armed men broke into an R.A. camp near Rhyl, but the raid was foiled by a young National Serviceman. At Camden Town Mr. Donald Ryan addressed some 200 Irish men and women outside the Roman Catholic church and called for recruits for the "Free Ireland" movement.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### A FOX'S LIKES AND DISLIKES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE cub whose portrait appeared on this page on June 11 and July 9 has grown into a handsome young *Foxie*—not a very original nickname, but one that emerged naturally. To the several readers who, in writing, have enquired after his welfare, it is my pleasure to be able to say that he is very fit and well. Although he is completely tame, we have only allowed him liberty within a large pen, furnished with stout boughs and foliage to make it as nearly like a natural habitat as possible. Further, while endeavouring to maintain his tameness we have, at the same time, so treated him that his natural impulses have been uninhibited, and influenced as little as possible by contact with human beings. With reasonable success, I think we may claim, we have contrived a compromise between retaining his affection as a pet and treating him as a subject for scientific observation, scientific in the sense that we note carefully his activities and reactions to changing circumstances and seek to relate these to the fox as a wild animal. Of the many separate items that have emerged, one bears some relation to my discussion last week on the maternal bond.

*Foxie's* pen is on the west side of the garden, some 40 ft. from the house and 25 ft. at its nearest point to the drive up from the front gate. On its sides facing the house and the drive, the pen is hemmed in by aviaries and hurdles and a fair-sized garden shed. Any stranger coming in by the front gate draws forth the following behaviour from *Foxie*, who jumps on top of his kennel to watch the stranger come up the drive. He jumps down as the newcomer draws level with the owl's aviary, and he watches him through three lots of wire-netting and some vegetation. Then, should the stranger pass the gate into the kitchen garden and walk along the path to the pen, *Foxie* bolts into the screen of foliage at the back of his pen, or goes to earth under his kennel, and watches every movement of the intruder from under this cover, but without venturing out.

If one of us accompanies the stranger, it is possible, by patience exercised over a fair period of time, to coax the fox to come out. Then, in due course, he will accept the stranger, but it takes an hour or more for this to be accomplished.

When I go alone towards his pen, *Foxie* watches me through the gate and then bolts to cover. When I reach the pen he will emerge cautiously, with ears, eyes and nostrils alert, then come forward a few paces, bound back into cover and in a few moments come out again, to advance a little nearer to me. He may repeat this two or three times, coming nearer each time, until he finally comes to the wire to sniff my hand and lick it. This pattern is more or less invariable, even although I am calling him softly and encouragingly all the time. In other words, he has the opportunity to identify me by sight and by hearing, yet shows this evasive action and is not fully satisfied until he has approached cautiously and identified me beyond doubt by smell. This done, if I enter the pen, there is no longer any evasive action. He offers his head to be stroked behind the ears or under the throat, then will lie down and roll over to have his tummy stroked. He will stand on his hind-legs and rest his paws on my knee, allow himself to be picked up, fondled or stroked, will romp and play, running away only as part of the game. His favourite pastime is to untie my shoe-laces with his teeth. He will rub round my legs rather in the manner of a cat. When I leave the pen, after a boisterous play-period, the likelihood is that he will stand watching me go, with an air of being disconsolate. Yet, if I return in a few minutes time, he will go through the pattern of evasive action as before.

My daughter feeds *Foxie*, and tends him in so far as his simple needs demand attention. She plays with him more than anyone does. If he is more attached to one person than another, it is to her. Yet his reaction to her approach is little, if any, different to that with which he receives me. Another point which should be stressed is that since he left the cub stage he has been silent except on the occasions which will next be described.

Early in his cubhood, *Foxie* was introduced through wire-netting to our big, lumbering mastiff-like dog,

*Jason*. At their first meeting, dog and fox touched noses, both wagging their tails furiously in complete



"HIS FIRST REACTION IS TO BOLT FOR COVER": *FOXIE* EMERGING CAUTIOUSLY, WITH EARS, EYES AND NOSTRILS ALERT, AFTER HIS FLIGHT AT THE APPROACH OF A HUMAN BEING.



AFTER ESTABLISHING THAT THE ADULT HUMAN BEING IS KNOWN TO HIM: *FOXIE* SNIFFS AT A WELL-KNOWN HAND AND OFFERS HIS HEAD TO BE FONDLED.



"HE WILL THEN LIE DOWN AND ROLL OVER TO BE STROKED": *FOXIE* ENJOYING A GAME AND A PETTING MUCH IN THE SAME WAY AS A DOG ENJOYS BEING FONDLED BY ITS MASTER.

A fox is notoriously shy of the human presence. Even a tame fox does not entirely lose this. Certainly *Foxie*, even with those he knows well, takes evasive action at their approach. His first reaction is to bolt for cover, then he cautiously emerges, and having identified the visitor by smell allows himself to be fondled or enveiled into a game. He does not do this with children, however—with them he shows no evasive action, only great friendliness—and the question still remains: by what criteria does he recognise youth in a human being and thus radically alter an otherwise invariable pattern of behaviour?

Photographs by Neave Parker.

circles, but whereas the dog maintained a dignified calm and silence, the cub seemed beside himself with ecstasy. He trilled incessantly, licked the dog's muzzle, danced to and fro and from side to side, and did his best to push his way through the wire. Ever since, the sight of *Jason* in the distance has set the fox off in this ecstatic display. Now, when *Jason* walks along the path towards the pen, there is no question of the fox retreating, no running for cover or going to earth. Instead, he stations himself in the corner nearest to the dog's line of approach, wagging his tail furiously, dancing in eagerness and trilling continuously. It is the only time now that he uses his vocal cords.

So we have the pattern: at the dog's approach there is no retreat; at our approach the inevitable evasive action, followed by the completely friendly meeting; and with the human stranger the complete retreat to cover. There is, however, one important exception to this last: if the human stranger is a child, he does not retreat. This we have noticed so repeatedly as to put the matter beyond doubt. If a child goes to *Foxie's* pen alone, he shows no evasive action, only the greatest friendliness. Incidentally, we find that the same thing happens with *Corbie*, the tame rook. If a stranger appears in the drive, which his aviary overlooks, he retreats to the farthest corner and shows every sign of agitation. This becomes worse if the stranger approaches the aviary, the rook then flies at the wire and beats his wings, and it is quite some time before he settles

down and accepts the stranger's presence. But if a child comes in there is no agitation.

Quite obviously there is nothing metaphysical about this. The difference in the attitude towards the adult and juvenile human being by both fox and rook must be influenced by impressions received through their senses. The rook's eyesight is keen, its sense of smell poor, and hearing probably mediocre. The fox's eyesight is probably mediocre, its sense of smell is acute, its hearing also acute. What, then, is the common factor—or factors—by which dissimilar animals show a similar pattern of behaviour?

If we invoke the theory debated here last week, that it is the shortened face in relation to the forehead that evokes the parental instinct (and, *ipso facto*, a sympathetic and friendly attitude), then several seeming contradictions need explaining away. *Foxie* showed no evasive action at the sight of a boy of thirteen who was 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, but refused to leave cover for one aged fifteen, but of the same height. The main difference between

these two boys was that the voice of one was still a piping treble, while the older boy's voice had broken. Certainly, the proportions of face to head did not differ perceptibly in the two. Again, if the shortened face is the sign stimulus calling forth a fox's friendliness, we have to explain why he greets long-muzzled *Jason* so ecstatically but barks defiance at the short-muzzled cat.

We have, in discussion at home, weighed up the various factors involved, and we have reached no conclusion. A short woman sends *Foxie* to cover, a tall boy does not. Can it really be that at a distance of 30 ft., in strong sunshine, when the pupils of his eyes are contracted, a fox is so acutely aware of the proportions of the face that it makes all that difference in his behaviour? It recalls for me the reports that certain hyenas will, on occasion, attack women and children but not men. Both suggest that animals, and humans, are influenced by an overall observation of youth, not by single factors (or single sign stimuli). Rather, it would appear that they sense—by all the senses in varying proportion according to the animal—an absence of sophistication, perhaps an absence of potential aggressiveness.

We have, however, reached no firm conclusion on this matter. To use a phrase so popular in current scientific treatises: it is not possible to reach positive conclusions on the evidence available and further research is needed. Only one tentative suggestion can be made: that oversimplified explanations of animal behaviour should be regarded with suspicion, especially in dealing with organisms of advanced mental organisation, such as foxes and human beings.





WORKING FOR THE PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY: PROFESSORS GUILLUMAT (LEFT) AND GOLDSCHMIDT, OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION. FRANCE HAS REFUSED TO MAKE ATOMIC BOMBS.



SCIENTISTS AT A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD: (L. TO R.) PROFESSORS SIMON (GREAT BRITAIN), OLIPHANT (AUSTRALIA) AND HAHN (FEDERAL GERMANY).



BRITAIN AND RUSSIA TALK TOGETHER. (L. TO R.) ACADEMICIAN SKOBELTZINE, LEADER OF THE SOVIET DELEGATION; PROFESSOR PALLADIN (UKRAINE) AND SIR JOHN COCKROFT.



EAST MEETS WEST: PROFESSOR VINOGRADOV (U.S.S.R) SHAKES HANDS WITH PROFESSOR PERRIN, OF FRANCE, INTRODUCED BY PROFESSOR TURKEVICH (U.S.A.).



MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH DELEGATION. FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): SIR EDWIN FLOWDEN, SIR JOHN COCKROFT, DR. J. F. LOUTIT AND SIR GEORGE THOMSON. BRITAIN'S ATOMS-FOR-PEACE PROGRAMME HAS CAPTURED WORLD ATTENTION.



SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD UNITE. PROFESSOR RABI (U.S.A.) CONGRATULATES PROFESSOR BLOKHINTSEV (U.S.S.R.) ON HIS SPEECH.



PART OF THE U.S. DELEGATION AT GENEVA. FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): PROFESSORS LIBBY AND FERMI, AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DELEGATION, ADMIRAL STRAUSS.



POLITICIAN AND SCIENTIST: M. JULES MOCH (LEFT), OF FRANCE, TALKING WITH PROFESSOR NIELS BOHR, OF DENMARK.



MEMBERS OF THE SOVIET DELEGATION: FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): PROFESSORS LEBEDEV, STEPANOV, SHEVCHENKO AND KUPREVICH. THEY CONTRIBUTED FREELY TO THE EXCHANGE OF ATOMIC DATA.

### STARS OF THE ATOMIC FIRMAMENT DISCUSSING ATOMS-FOR-PEACE: SCIENTISTS FROM EAST AND WEST AT GENEVA.

On August 8 Geneva, that city of diverse conventions, saw the opening of one of the most significant assemblies in its history when the leading scientists of some seventy nations met to discuss the peaceful uses of atomic energy. International barriers were lowered to an unprecedented extent as delegates from Iron Curtain countries and the Western World found common ground in the problems they had encountered in seeking to adapt the tremendous forces of nuclear energy to the needs of the common man. No threats were in evidence, no hints of limitless destructive powers. The talk was of power stations, of the dangers to its operatives

of the nuclear reactor, and of how those dangers might best be avoided, of the world supplies of uranium and thorium, and of a new "atoms-for-peace" award inaugurated by the Ford Motor Company and open to men of all political creeds. The United States produced the first atomic price list. The United Kingdom told of its remarkable progress, and backed the description with an impressive shop window at the simultaneous international exhibition. The Russians came, confessed their difficulties, and generally contributed to the frankness and friendliness that characterised this unique convocation.



## ONCE THE PROUD GUARDIANS OF THE CASTLES IN TURKEY WHICH HAVE BEEN



"HERE IS A TRUE FRONTIER, THE MEETING OF THE MOUNTAIN LANDS AND THE RIVER FOLK OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN PLAIN": AMIDĀ (DIYARBEKIR), A CASTLE WHICH RETAINS ITS CHARACTER OF A FRONTIER FORTRESS.

Miss FREYA STARK, the distinguished traveller and author of many notable books, including "The Valley of the Assassins," "Letters from Syria" and "Jonah, a Quest," has contributed this interesting article on castles in Turkey, illustrated with photographs she took on a recent journey in Asia Minor. She writes:

AN old-fashioned education beginning with Walter Scott is possibly responsible for my love of castles. To me, a landscape without one is not quite complete; if it is quiet and pastoral, I like a grass-grown ruin; if romantic, something on a crag that grows black in thunderstorms; or, mellowed in sunset, a sea-wall where small waves wash over the human footsteps, "syllables of recorded time." For anyone so minded, Turkey is the country to travel, for there are castles everywhere, from the square Hellenistic tower in Lycia or Caria, the Greco-Roman or Byzantine—stern walls round comfortable towns—the Knights of St. John at Budrum, the Crusaders—



A CRUSADERS' CASTLE SEA LOOK-OUT ON THE GREAT COAST OF ANAMUR, IN CILICIA. CRUSADERS—VENETIAN, GENOISE AND ARMENIANS ALL HAD STRONGHOLDS. This is the

Venetian, Genoese, Armenians—the elegant military buildings of the Seljuks, and the Ottomans subsiding into the unobtrusive, and therefore (from a landscape point of view) less interesting, fortifications of to-day. With such a choice one can roam at will; but a borderland is ever the best for a castle-lover, who likes to see the building of his choice predominant, and not unimportant and often almost undiscernible amid the civilian amenities which its protection once made possible. A borderland, therefore, and Turkey has the borderland *par excellence*, harried since the Assyrians first carried their arms against Urartu (whose name gave Ararat). This is the

(Continued above.)

debatable land north of Parthia; the country where the roughness of the ground broke up the Roman *limes*; where the great defensive fortresses stood—Amidā (Diyarbakir), Nisibis (Nusaibin), Dara. Of Nisibis nothing remains but a fifth-century church and five Corinthian columns; and Dara is a meagre village set among wide neoropoli carved in stone, by reservoirs seven in a row, for water: their forgotten size still breathes of the danger of that time, when Julian died of wounds in 363 A.D., and Nisibis was handed to the Persians, and the frontier lay open. The walls of Dara were run up in haste and badly—on what one would imagine to be a very poor site, dominated by higher ground, but which yet held out successfully against a siege. Not so Amidā.

(Continued below.)



"THE CASTLE IS OBSOLETE, THOUGH ORNAMENTAL . . . HOSHAB (SWEET-WATER) STILL HELD AN OTTOMAN GARRISON, THOUGH ITS DEFENCES WERE KNOWN TO THE ASSYRIANS."



WHERE "EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL LADIES WERE THROWN OVER THE PRECIPICE": PALE, WHERE THERE IS HARDLY ANYTHING LEFT BUT A MAJESTIC SITUATION.



"ALL ISLAMIC, WITH BANDS OF ARABIC OR KUFIC EMBELLISHED WITH ARABESQUES OF FLOWERS AND HERE AND THERE ORIENTAL LIONS . . .": THE UPPER PART OF AMIDĀ (DIYARBEKIR).

Continued.  
It was lost to the Persians in 359 A.D., and Ammianus Marcellinus, escaping by night in the tumult of massacre, lived to write the most vivid of all accounts of siege and capture. But the fortress weathered many later vicissitudes, and is a flourishing town to-day, with an airport, railway and luxury hotel with bathrooms—not too frequent in Turkey as yet. In spite of these softening changes, its first character of the frontier fortress remains. Perhaps this is due to the semicircle of the Tigris, which it breasts like the prow of a black cruiser, with dusky walls and towers round and square; or perhaps it is that here is a true frontier, the meeting of the mountain lands and the river folk

(Continued above.)

## BORDERLANDS, BUT NOW RUINOUS: BESIEGED AND ENDURED CAPTURE.

Continued.  
of the Mesopotamian plain; or perhaps it is the packed history, layer upon layer like a palimpsest, which is visible in almost every old building in the place. A shuffling of many periods all together, the court of the great mosque is at first puzzling, built, as it is, by conquerors with antiquarian tastes, with what they found lying about. The walls, too, are a palimpsest, but nothing has impaired their tremendous unity, inspired by the defensive need. Flecker's "gaunt ramparts" still hold more than half the town in their embrace: the round Byzantine arches and oval bastions still appear "built under the surveillance of priests, deacons and other local clergy"; but the upper part, knocked about and demolished in assaults and sieges,

(Continued below.)



"ANOTHER SUCH LONG, ISOLATED BACKBONE OF FORTIFICATION IS ANAVARZE, THE ANCIENT ANAZARBUS, WHICH SHOWS ARMENIAN MILITARY BUILDING AT ITS BEST."



"RESERVOIRS SEVEN IN A ROW FOR WATER" AT DARA. "THEIR FORGOTTEN RIEF STILL BREATHES OF THE DANGER OF THAT TIME; WHEN JULIAN DIED OF WOUNDS IN 363 A.D. . . ."

Continued.  
is all Islamic, with bands of Arabic or Kufic embellished with arabesques of flowers, and here and there Oriental lions of half-Persian dynasties. There were never any towns to hold the frontier north of Amidā. The gorges of the hills were protected by a chain of castles whose sites are mostly lost. On the Iraq side of the border—where security is still extremely recent—the Kurdish village wears a defensive look. But in Turkey the castle is obsolete, though ornamental. Its idleness does not go so very far back: Hoshab (Sweet-water) still held an Ottoman garrison, though its defences were known to the Assyrians, lying along their frontier, as it now does

(Continued above, right.)



PITANE, AN ITALIAN CRUSADERS' CASTLE AT CHANDARLI, NEAR SIVRIHISAR, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE AGES: THE TURKS HAVE RENOVATED THE SOUTHERN WALL AND PIERCED IT WITH ARCHED OPENINGS FOR GUNS, AS SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

Continued.  
along that of the Persians, fifty miles or so to the south. Van carries the inscription of Xerxes and more ancient inscriptions still vivid on the eastern face of its cliff. The lake has receded, the medieval city is destroyed, but the rock emerges like the hump of a solitary camel from the plain, bearing the castle and all its load of history upon it. Another such long, isolated backbone of fortification is Anavarze, the ancient Anazarbus, which shows Armenian military building at its best. Here we come into the crusading world, to the line of fortifications which ran up from Tarsus through Malatiah, called al-Thughur (the frontiers or mouths) by the Arabs and constantly taken and retaken by them and the Byzantines. And moving up from Malatiah into the lands of the Euphrates, one comes upon the last lap of the Crusaders, the castles of Kharput and

Falu, overlooking the plain of Mush. Here Jocelyn of Courtenay and Baldwin II. were imprisoned, riding up from the regions of Urfa with that insouciance about their base which carried the first crusading wave so far. Kharput (the Quartapier of William of Tyre) still frowns with its old look and shreds of walls above sterile ravines; but Falu, where the prisoners—all except King Baldwin—came to their end, and eighty "beautiful ladies" were thrown over the precipice, has hardly anything left but a majestic situation, some cuneiform inscriptions, and the Murad Su, the eastern arm of Euphrates, edging along the wall of Taurus below. In writing as in wandering, one might linger for years among the Turkish castles.

A FORTRESS WHICH SHOWS ARMENIAN MILITARY BUILDING AT ITS BEST: ANAVARZE, THE ANCIENT ANAZARBUS.

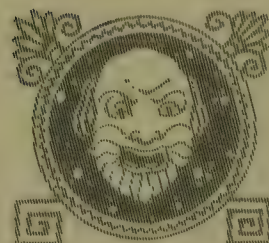
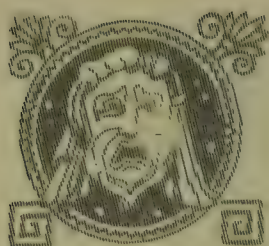


"KHARPUT [THE QUARTAPIER OF WILLIAM OF TYRE] STILL FROWNS WITH ITS OLD LOOK AND SHREDS OF WALLS ABOVE STERILE RAVINES." LIKE FALU, IT OVERLOOKS THE PLAIN OF MUSH.



AMIDĀ ABOVE THE "SEMICIRCLE OF THE TIGRIS, WHICH IT BREASTS LIKE THE PROW OF A BLACK CRUISER, WITH DUSKY WALLS AND TOWERS ROUND AND SQUARE."





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

CLINICAL - TRAGIC AND COMIC - PSYCHOLOGICAL.

By ALAN DENT.

TWO of the most enjoyable new films, though they seem at a glance to be poles apart, have this in common—that they both deal fundamentally with American mankind's obsession with the other sex. The only real difference is that "Not As A Stranger" deals with the subject pathologically, showing how sex-attraction can play havoc with a young man's—in this case, a young doctor's—career, whereas "The Seven Year Itch" (never shall I take to this title!) shows with a delicate fancifulness how a business-minded young New Yorker may easily turn wanton-minded when his wife and child go off on a summer holiday after he has sworn to forgo the compensations of alcohol and even nicotine.

That scruffy title tends to disguise the fact that this is a perfectly sweet and mild and agreeable little comedy, just as was the original play which I saw in both London and New York. The youngish publisher, who is its hero, has been happily married for seven years: On the very evening of the day when his little family—wife and junior only—has gone off on its holiday, an unattached young girl in the flat upstairs accidentally drops a heavy tomato-plant over the veranda and all but kills the grass-widower, since he has vacated just one second earlier the chair on which it falls. She is so fetching in her apologies that she comes downstairs for a drink, which develops into a party for two—an utterly innocent party. But our young publisher's imagination has been warmed, and it proliferates. His fantasies burgeon and spread the moment the enchanting nitwit (a part most happily allotted in the screen-version to Marilyn Monroe) leaves his physical presence. He has a gruelling time with

beach, dashes off into the main itself to save himself from the avid mermaid.

The actual action is negligibly small. Almost all we see is dream-action within the hero's mind, and it must be said that this is far more effective on film

who gives the hero his first job as an overworked assistant.

Both Mitchum and Sinatra look—it must be allowed by all but their fervents—curiously mature, especially in the earlier scenes when they are freshmen, in the first year of their medical studies. Notwithstanding this fact, Sinatra gives a quietly expressive performance, and Mitchum, though he can only be said to possess one facial expression, with a few enigmatic variations playing around it, is photographed with something like genius and with a concentration like that reserved in the old days solely for mere Barrymores and Garbos. Miss de Havilland, too, has some difficulty in sustaining the Swedish accent she has had to adopt, and is perhaps best when she has only her eyes to act with, the rest of her face being hidden by that yashmak which is the operating sister's mask. Perhaps, on the whole and in fact, Crawford and Bickford, as lesser but wiser characters, come closest to the novel's originals in both looks and bearing.

But it is, withal, a good enough film to convince one that it has been hewn out of a worth-while novel. So much so, that I did what I have seldom done in several years of professional film-going: I went out and bought and, what is more, began to read the novel, and am reading it still, though it is longer than "David Copperfield" and nearly three-quarters as long as "War and Peace." It fascinates me

personally, because it is the history of a man who dedicated himself to the study of medicine, and because I had the same notions myself when I was sixteen to seventeen, after which I was discouraged and deflected elsewhere by my Scottish University authorities. I think now, looking back, that all this was brought about by reading, in my still earlier teens, "The Stark Munro Letters" of Conan Doyle, which gave me an impression of what fun it would be to cure the sick, especially if one could sit at one's piano playing Chopin while waiting for a patient to ring the door-bell.

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



TOM EWELL AND MARILYN MONROE, IN A SCENE FROM "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH."

In making his choice this week, Mr. Dent writes: "Tom Ewell and Marilyn Monroe—a New York publisher left by his wife and son in a heat-wave, and a dream-girl who takes tangible shape in the apartment on the floor above—give by far the most delectable double-performance of the past fortnight. She is the pin-headed blonde miss of the American tradition instituted by Anita Loos in the early 'twenties. But hers is the very newest and most devastating version, and Tom Ewell's performance—self-tormented, self-unassured—is its perfect complement." (London *Première*, *Rialto*, July 29.)

than it was on the stage. In the theatre we have to be fobbed off with black-outs and half-lights for such an impression to be given. In the film our hero's wife, for example, can semi-materialise and sit, transparently almost, in a chair telling her man to be firm and resist both the bottle and the blonde; and in the film the action of the visitor from upstairs, because it is dream-action, can be fantastic to the very verge of the outrageous. The film-director, Billy Wilder, has managed these by-no-means-easy transitions with the least obtrusive skill and the greatest delicacy. As a result, wives—or so it seemed to me looking around—enjoy this "Seven Year Itch" almost as much as their husbands do. Not more, just almost as much.

No one else could play the hero-publisher with exactly the light-wistful touch that Tom Ewell brings to it in the film. It was my luck to see him—half-elated, half-scared, gangling like an antelope—in the stage-version on Broadway two years ago. My companion was a good American friend who works in film-advertising, and so much does he look like Tom Ewell in this play that we both stared at one another and burst into simultaneous laughter before the comedy had properly started.

The serious side of the same subject is illustrated in the film hewn out of the late Morton Thompson's huge novel, "Not As A Stranger"—the story of a born doctor who cannot altogether escape the fact that he is a human being as well. This has every advantage. It

is directed by Stanley Kramer. It has the immense enticement, from the regulation film-goer's point of view, of having Robert Mitchum as the young doctor, Frank Sinatra as his much-tried friend, Olivia de Havilland as the Swedish nurse whom he marries because she has saved enough money to pay his college fees, and Broderick Crawford as the Jewish professor of pathology, and Charles Bickford as the small-town general practitioner



(L. TO R.) FRANK SINATRA, ROBERT MITCHUM AND OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, IN A SCENE FROM THE UNITED ARTISTS' FILM "NOT AS A STRANGER." (LONDON *Première*, LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, JULY 27.)

"THE FILM HEWN OUT OF THE LATE MORTON THOMPSON'S HUGE NOVEL, 'NOT AS A STRANGER'—THE STORY OF A BORN DOCTOR WHO CANNOT ALTOGETHER ESCAPE THE FACT THAT HE IS A HUMAN BEING AS WELL." ROBERT MITCHUM AS LUCAS MARSH, THE YOUNG DOCTOR DEDICATED TO HIS PROFESSION, IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM.

both his imagination and his conscience. His visitor has been Circe and Calypso and Nausicaa all in one. She has also been the heroine of "From Here to Eternity," and there is a delightful episode burlesquing that film in which our hero, struggling with might and main against his would-be seductress on a moonlit

Bitter experience in my youth taught me to know better, and now comes this fine film—and finer novel—to reaffirm that the noblest of all professions—as I still think it—is an absolutely full-time profession.

It is also immensely to the point that the film rings true, as the book does. For the book was written out of the author's full heart, and he died when he had completed it. It has become what they call a best-seller. But it is a considerable novel as well.



# THE BAHAMAS' "NATIONAL BIRD" THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION: FLAMINGOS ON INAGUA ISLAND.



AGED FROM ONE TO THREE WEEKS: FLAMINGO CHICKS COVERED IN VELVETY GREY DOWN SEEN ON INAGUA ISLAND, ABOUT 300 MILES FROM NASSAU.



PROTECTED ON INAGUA: FLAMINGOS SEEN AT THEIR NESTS ON THE ISLAND, WHERE THEIR NUMBERS HAVE BEEN TREBLED IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

THE beautiful and extraordinary flamingo, which is symbolic of the Bahamas, has been saved from almost certain extermination in the islands through the work of the Society for the Protection of the Flamingo in the Bahamas, which was founded four years ago by Mr. Arthur S. Vernay, with the assistance of friends and the National Audubon Society of New York. Since the Society began its important work the number of flamingos has been more than trebled. The conservation of the flamingos on the island of Inagua, about 300 miles from Nassau, is imperative because it is the last stronghold of this particular species, and photographs of the birds and their nests on this island appear on this page. Although great strides have already been taken with the help of the Bahamas Government, there is urgent work ahead, for the present risk of the total loss of the flamingo in the Bahamas is still very great. If the birds are restored, the spectacle of wild flamingos could become one of the islands' greatest attractions.



AT HORSE CAY, INAGUA: A GENERAL VIEW OF A NESTING-SITE. THE MALE AND FEMALE FLAMINGO SIT HATCHING, TURN AND TURN ABOUT, ALL DAY. IN THE MAJORITY OF CASES THE CLUTCH CONSISTS OF A SINGLE EGG.



AT LAKE WINDSOR, INAGUA: A GROUP OF FLAMINGO NESTS, SHOWING THE CONE-LIKE MOUNDS WHICH ARE THE TYPICAL NEST STRUCTURES OF THE FLAMINGO.



RIISING OUT OF THE WATER: A FLAMINGO NEST SEEN IN A CLOSE-UP VIEW, SHOWING THE SINGLE EGG IN THE ROUND DEPRESSION WHERE THE BIRD HAS RESTED.



## THE REACTION AGAINST MODERNISM.

By PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, P.R.A.

*In his Romanes lecture at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, the President of the Royal Academy discussed "modernism" in art; and expressed the opinion that a reaction towards Hellenic influence is imminent. In this article, specially written for "The Illustrated London News," he elaborates this theory.*

FOR the past fifty years the world of art has been divided into two camps, traditional and modern. Considerable opposition has been aroused on both sides, varied by the arrival of new stars in the artistic firmament. As a nation we English show great energy in acclaiming things that are established, considering it to be our duty to conserve traditions. To foreign

inspired and deliberate, the Oriental phases of art are faithful to the vast current of eastern life which is based on uniformity and discipline. Chinese art exemplifies this and from China the Orient has drawn much of its thought. This observance of tradition is perhaps stronger in the East than in the West.

It must be conceded that art arises from social conditions, but at the same time it is guided and impelled by deep-rooted experiences. It is because of the attraction the Hellenic has for the western mind, particularly the allurements of beauty, that it maintains its hold on the imagination. Early on, the Greeks showed the world the ideal they evoked for the plastic arts, an ideal which cannot be departed from without perversion. The Hellenes endeavoured to perfect man by perfecting art. If they did not succeed in their primary objective they at least provided an exemplary scale of adjustment. This we recognise to-day as the spirit of Hellenism, for it embodies the beauty of the greatest ideal conceived by the mind of man.

If the Hellenistic influence, so clearly intelligent, so embracing and so constant, is capable of

In England especially the standard of living has been raised for a vast middle class on whose enterprise as well as talent and physical labour the integrity of the nation is dependent. There have been many improvements in education, in medicine, surgery and the care of the aged. The chief advance, however, has been in the improvement of housing for millions. But all these advantages, essential as they are to an order of humanity living intensively on a small, overpopulated group of islands, do not admit refinement of living. There is bound to be a contravention of æsthetic ideals and confusion of thought. This uniform lack of taste among millions of English men and women has resulted in loss of efficiency in the arts and crafts. Because of lack of direction people become apathetic; substitute standards are often accepted. The shibboleth "Modernism" has now become the slogan of the many-headed, for it offers labour saving in place of painstaking skill. Novelty before beauty is another lure.

Under such conditions as those caused by the stress of industrial competition it is not surprising that the mechanised monster should receive homage. The Deity of Progress now demands every sort of sacrifice, including abandonment of accepted standards of art. There can be no denying the forces which have been unleashed by this mass utilisation of machine-aided manpower. In one direction it has meant the curtailment of tilth, in another it has encouraged the sordid degradation of urban sprawl, and in yet another and even more appalling way, the exploitation of all that claims to be beautiful in town and country. The spirit of art, faithful to the truth, records all this as nothing else can, providing records for posterity of perversions of taste in buildings, sculpture and painting. Science has revealed to us the causes and remedies for diseases of the body. Art by its manifestations has the power not only to note the history and character of a nation at any given period but it possesses the secret of inspiring changes. Fortunately we English seem to be able to detect our shortcomings before they become too overpowering. Hence the inevitable reaction against unbridled Modernism which is so apparent just now. Everywhere, when confusion of thought seems to be



A "MODERN" PAINTING BY A CELEBRATED CONTEMPORARY ARTIST: "BUSTE DE FEMME"; BY PABLO PICASSO (B. 1881). (Oil on canvas (1909-1910); 28½ by 23½ ins.)  
By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, Millbank.

eyes energy rather than finesse is our chief attribute; but it is often overlooked that our conservative attitude is the real determinant. Rivalry in art matters cannot be controlled or predicted. There was, for example, the famous "Battle of the Styles," which occupied the Victorians for fifty years. In due course other rivalries will occur. We can, therefore, look upon opposing theories as evidence of striving to fathom the meaning of creative art; meanwhile the critic devotes his pen to the varied manifestations of the visual arts in attempts to make adjustments which seem desirable.

Reflection shows, however, that for the past 3000 years the arts have been motivated by two forces which, notwithstanding changes of social outlook, remain constant in principle. These forces, which can be named Hellenic and Oriental, constitute the major influences of the world of art. Briefly, the one controls Western and the other Eastern civilisation. There is no great disparity between these forces; both have in view man's inclinations towards a spiritual ideal. But the two forces remain apart, despite points of contact and the observance of basic laws, both visual and graphic. Thus the Hellenistic and the Oriental stand not as rivals but as symbols of different systems aiming at the ultimate unity and happiness of the human race. It is significant that these two forces have the power to encourage innovations but at the same time possess the inherent strength to absorb and adjust. The leading force is Hellenism, for it has the greatest claim to fluidity, representing clarity of mind and spontaneity of touch. It is the profundity of Hellenism which sustains and protects the arts of the West from vulgarity and perversion. The greatest triumph was when Hellenism brought the Renaissance into vitality. To-day Hellenism is moulding and shaping the art manifestations of the mechanised age, a process begun early in the nineteenth century.

Study of Hellenic and Oriental art proves in abundance their similarity. Both influences show respect for discipline and the same quest for stylisation. The technique of creative art and craftsmanship is also similar in both. The same trend of ideas is followed and the universality of an ideal is remarkable, both West and East. If the Hellenic branches of art are

absorbing minor works, how can departures from basic principles be explained?

We are confronted, therefore, with the Frankenstein giant of Modernism: a semi-mechanical monster set in motion by steam power two centuries ago. Fortunately it is recognised that the evolution of mechanical aids to mass living has little to do with the vitality of art. Hence the inevitable reaction against vulgarity and perversion which is now taking place. Art is but a contribution to human progress, not its cause, but it can and should be a balancing force. Because the spirit of Hellenism is preponderant, there is always the certainty that rational views will be followed.

Since the eighteenth century the main stream of intellectual and cultural thought has reviewed the historic past with a view to blending its contributions with the present. The trials and errors have been productive of successes and failures. On the whole there has been no departure from the main stream of Hellenism. Fashion has played its part; religion and politics have altered the social outlook; commerce and jealousy have stirred up world war. In the interim, man has advanced towards knowing his fellow-men.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF HELLENISTIC OR TRADITIONAL ART: "LA VELATA"; BY RAPHAEL (1483-1520).  
Pitti Palace; Florence.

more confounded than ever, there are signs of revolt against the tyranny of ugliness which has obsessed this country for half a century. First one suggestion is made and then another advocating a return to discipline and order. Those who have studied relative art values know that tranquillity can only be attained by moulding the forces which at the moment seem so oppressive. This desire for a return to beauty can be attributed to the Hellenic spirit which by the grace of God is combined with our other intuitions and enlarges our power to see things as they are.



THE ETTY EXHIBITION IN LONDON: SUBJECT PICTURES AND PORTRAITS.



"ELIZA COOK THE POETESS" (1818-1889); BY WILLIAM ETTY, R.A. (1787-1849). (Canvas; 12½ by 15 ins.) (Sir David Scott.)



"PORTRAIT OF JENNY LIND" (1820-1887), THE FAMOUS SWEDISH SINGER, PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE SUMMER OF 1847 DURING HER FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND. (Canvas; 36 by 28 ins.) (Mr. S. R. J. Knox.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT," PAINTED IN 1825. (Panel [painted oval]; 16½ by 12½ ins.) (City Art Gallery, Manchester.)



"A GROUP OF CAPTIVES 'BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON'"; EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1848. (Millboard laid on panel; 23 by 26½ ins.) (Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston.)



"STUDY FOR 'JUDITH ABOUT TO SLAY HOLOFERNES.'" PAINTED C. 1826-27, A STUDY FOR THE FIRST OF THE THREE COLOSSAL JUDITH SERIES NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND. (Panel; 13½ by 17½ ins.) (Arcade Gallery, London.)



"PANDORA," EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1824, AND BOUGHT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (Canvas; 34½ by 44½ ins.) (City Art Gallery, Leeds.)



"THE CORAL FINDERS; VENUS AND HER YOUTHFUL SATELLITES ARRIVING AT THE ISLE OF PAPHOS." EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1820. (Canvas; 29 by 38½ ins.) (Mr. Benjamin Welch.)

An exhibition devoted to the works of William Etty, R.A. (1787-1849), was due to open at the St. James's Square Galleries of the Arts Council of Great Britain on August 17 and is to continue until September 10. The works selected are, for the most part, of small size and they include, as well as the subject pictures and nudes with which Etty is most generally associated, some fine portraits and at least one landscape of great beauty. Thus the exhibition may serve to illustrate less generally

appreciated aspects of the art of this important British painter. The choice of the pictures on view and the catalogue and introduction are the work of Mr. Dennis Farr; and the exhibition is one which no one interested in our national school of painting can afford to miss. In the foreword to the catalogue, Mr. Dennis Farr writes, "Etty's vocabulary is undoubtedly limited, but in the best of his work he achieves a power of expression within these limits which is still unsurpassed."



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ISLAND FLING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN the distance there is an island, a small one but a rocky, defiant shape piled against the western horizon. It is about fifteen miles away, though authorities on the mainland beach differ. Now and then it vanishes in a sparkle of heat-haze; but, as a rule, it stands out boldly, and especially at night when the sun slides down behind it, and it seems for a few minutes to be blocked in charcoal upon the

island-plays, as if one could snatch name upon name from memory. My companion was silent. Then: "What are they?" she said.

I took breath. There would be "The Tempest," of course, and its island full of sweet airs that give delight and hurt not; Prospero's isle that he would have left to Caliban. What happened to it, I wondered? How would Caliban rule, free from his lord, left alone to the realm that (he had always said) was his by Sycorax, his mother? One must not beside-track islands? "Othello," perhaps, on the strength of Cyprus. "The Jew of Malta" (now, why remember that?). Then a long pause while the light-houses flashed maliciously. I began to gabble. "'Mary

'John Bull's Other Island,' but that won't do."

She was right. Anxiously I combed our coasts, from the flower-archipelago of the Scillies to Ramsey and Skomer and Skokholm; from Anglesey and Man to the Hebridean isles, to Orkney and Shetland (what about "Duet For Two Hands"? I pondered upon the map of the world, in the mind badly out of drawing (Asia always goes askew), hesitated at the eerie crag of Rockall, mused in Madagascar. And all the while the lighthouses laughed. Lighthouse-plays? That will free the mind for a bit. Yes; a few of these: "Thunder Rock," of course, and its ghosts of Lake Michigan; "The Phantom Light"; some of the older melodramas ("Names?"—"You must take my word for them"); a recent, and peculiarly stupid, farce about a television panel-game. But the theme was islands, and there, alas, one needed a twirl of Prospero's staff. The truth, it seemed as one looked across the now-darkened bay, was that one could sail on through the ocean of British drama and make only an occasional island landfall: something of Bax's here (a Greek



A SCENE FROM "SALAD DAYS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. THIS "REVUE, ENTERTAINMENT, MUSICAL PLAY, SET OF CHARADES," AS J. C. TREWIN REFERRED TO IT IN HIS NOTICE OF THE PRODUCTION WHEN THE BRISTOL OLD VIC COMPANY FIRST BROUGHT IT TO LONDON, IS NOW IN ITS SECOND YEAR AND STILL GOING STRONG.

rose and saffron and sudden furnace-fire of the sunset clouds.

Even after dark its presence is felt. There are two lighthouses, one at each end. They spark and glimmer out there in the sea gloom as though some ineffective giant were striking matches in a vain effort to chart his path to shore. Upon the mainland another lighthouse winks back at them, appearing to stutter in Morse some message as interminable as inarticulate.

They say, wiseacre-fashion, that when you can see the island clearly, there will be rain. This enchanted summer has made nonsense of the idea. Still, so strong is tradition that, evening by evening, visitors hover above the mainland beach and look glumly across to the far island cliffs and to the bannered clouds. "It will be rain to-night," they say. To which some of us (confident, too confident maybe, that rain is a thing forgotten) cry cheerfully, "Let it come down!"

There is a play about that island: a play by a modern dramatist, but set nearly a century-and-a-half ago, long before the lighthouses shone. If I had stood then on this mainland dune there would have been nothing in sight but a farm, perhaps a cottage or so. Those distant granite cliffs would have looked as they do now at sunset, though the place would have been far lonelier, a stage for melodrama. This could never be a light-comedy island or a farceur's port of call. It is not for the fantastic (no rowan trees); it is too uncompromising for buried treasure, pieces-of-eight; and I spy few links with the "bright islands" of the Aegean. Our horizon-shape needs the thunder-sheet, the levin-flash.

As we walked, under the sunset, above the long mainland beach that was washed now by a crinkle of tide, scrawling fast upon the wet map of the sands, that island held us like a long-range hypnotist. Time and again we stopped to glance at it. It would not allow our gaze to roam. Imperiously, from fifteen miles away (more or less), it summoned. And at last we yielded and waited there until the sun had sizzled down and the two lighthouses began to shine and chatter through the embered evening.

No wonder that a play had been written about that isle. What true island-fancier could have resisted the call? For that matter, who had ever resisted the theatrical lure of an island, some isolated rock dramatically self-contained, or, if you will, a virgin sheet for the playwright's pen? Dramatists, I said with some dogmatism, there on the beach in the sunset—dramatists had always loved an island. I began to speak as if the British theatre were alive with

Rose," I said, "the isle-that-likes-to-be-visited; 'The Admirable Crichton' (Barrie was fond of thrusting in an island); 'Peter Pan,' Clemence Dane's 'Granite,' the Devil on Lundy; and 'Treasure Island' with 'bulk of treasure buried here,' though that belongs to the novel; and 'Ebb Tide,' the novel first again; and Sherriff's 'St. Helena,' journey's end, Napoleon at Longwood, the eagle caged; George Preedy's



AT THE ARTS THEATRE, THE CURIOUS PLAY CALLED "WAITING FOR GODOT," BY SAMUEL BECKETT, AN IRISHMAN WHO LIVES IN PARIS, OPENED ON AUGUST 3. IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN FRENCH AND TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR. IN THIS SCENE ARE (L. TO R.): PETER BULL AS POZZO, TIMOTHY BATESON AS LUCKY, PAUL DANEMAN AS VLADIMIR, AND PETER WOODTHORPE AS ESTRAGON.



MAKING A WELCOME APPEARANCE IN "FROM HERE AND THERE," AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE, MAX ADRIAN, SEEN ABOVE WITH BETTY MARSDEN, HELPS TO TRANSFORM THE REVUE.

'Captain Banner,' Bridie's 'Holy Isle,' Val Gielgud's 'Away From It All,' the Christies' 'His Excellency,' and . . . wasn't there a play called 'The Island'?" "There was," said my companion; "but you don't really remember it. And there was also

isle, surely?), Priestley's or Bridie's there, Noël Coward's, Stephen Spender's, Agatha Christie's (her ten little nigger-boys somewhere off South Devon). Mainly pin-points on the map, ocean rocks, never a clustered archipelago—"lily on lily that o'erlace the sea." Infrequently there are tempting peaks that fly a foreign flag. But British dramatists, and plays that need an island for their effect, plays in which the setting is not merely incidental—where are these? Hopefully, we must sail on.

Coming back in the dark, the lighthouses now in determined chatter, the tide at height, I wondered what I had missed. One answer, probably, is nine plays out of every ten written by British dramatists. For are we not ourselves islanded? "In effect," said my companion as we shut out the night and the wash of the waves and the intermittent glitter, "In effect, a play about Wolverhampton or Leicester would do." Possibly: we must look into this.

We woke next morning to a wet and drifting sea-mist. "The island was much too clear last night," said the people at breakfast, heads shaking. I felt at heart that it would be just as clear again by noon; and that at night, with all the caverns of sunset smouldering and Lundy poised against the sky, the search would begin again. It will certainly begin again at Edinburgh in a week or so, when we pay the annual courtesy call to the estuary of the Forth, to holed Fidra (seen from the "Catriona" beach), and to what

John Home called—I speak without book—"the sea-rock immense! Amazing Bass!" The Bass would be a good theatrical setting, though I dare say some dramatist has thought of it already (I am not speaking of "Father Malachy's Miracle").

Well, well! I had better begin once more with "The Tempest."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

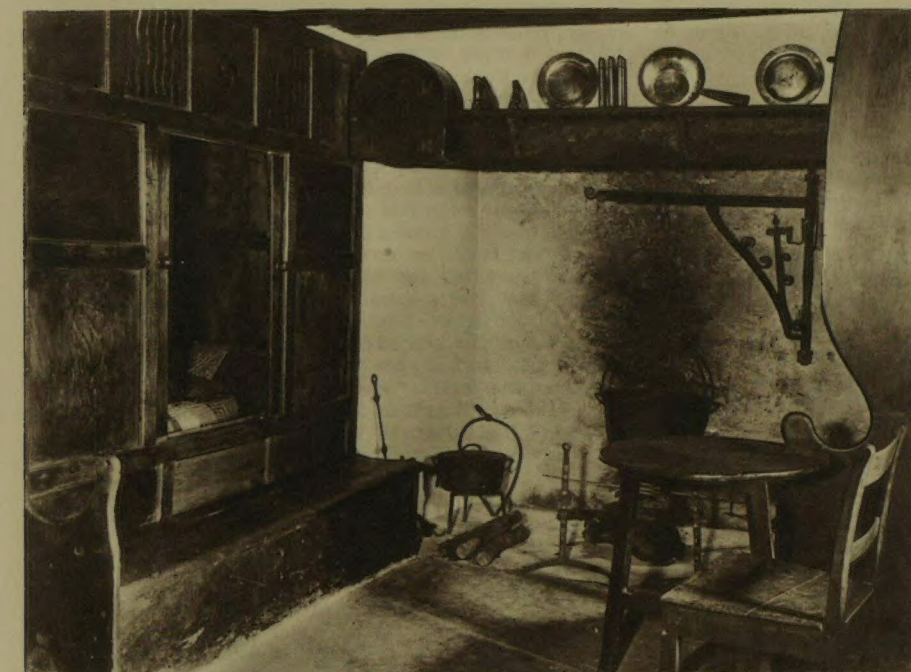
"SEE THE STARS" (Duchess).—Arthur Blake, impressionist, in a set of impersonations, American and British. (August 2.)  
 "WAITING FOR GODOT" (Arts).—A new play from the French. (August 3.)  
 "BRAZILIANA" (Piccadilly).—Return of the exotic musical entertainment. (August 9.)



# GROWTH OF THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM: RE-ERECTED ANCIENT FARMHOUSES.



RE-ERECTED AS AN EXHIBIT AT THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM, ST. FAGAN'S: KENNIXTON, A FARMHOUSE FROM GOWER, GLAM., PART OF WHICH DATES FROM c. 1630.



SHOWING THE CUPBOARD-BED CONSTRUCTED IN THE WALL, WITH THE SLIDING PANEL, WHICH CAN BE CLOSED AT WILL, DRAWN BACK: AN INTERIOR AT KENNIXTON.



FURNISHED WITH AN OLD DRESSER AND GATE-LEG TABLE: THE PARLOUR AT KENNIXTON, SHOWING THE WALL-OVEN BEHIND THE GRATE, WITH LOGS LAID FOR A WOOD FIRE.

The Welsh Folk Museum, which was opened in 1948, following Lord Plymouth's gift in 1946 of St. Fagan's Castle, gardens, grounds and 80 acres of parkland for the purpose, has been steadily developed on the lines of the great Scandinavian Folk Museums. The latest additions are two re-erected Welsh farmhouses. Kennixton, a stone farmhouse from Gower, Glamorgan, dates in part from c. 1630, with later extensions; and additions and renovations c. 1720. It has, among other features, a cupboard-bed. The roofing is also noteworthy, for wheat-straw mats form the under-thatch. Modern craftsmen did not know how to make these, but the Museum's basket-maker discovered what seems to be the correct method.

By courtesy of the National Museum of Wales (Welsh Folk Museum).

The exhibits of the Welsh Folk Museum, which forms part of the National Museum of Wales, include St. Fagan's Castle itself, a sixteenth-century building of stone containing furniture, tapestries and other household objects; and outbuildings where national handicrafts are still carried on. In addition there is a collection of re-erected ancient Welsh buildings, including Kennixton (illustrated on the left-hand side of this page) and Abernodwydd, an early seventeenth-century oak frame house with the panels wattled, daubed and plastered, built about 1600. It has wooden-framed unglazed windows, and its loft bedroom is entered from a ladder. Like the other re-erected buildings, Abernodwydd has been appropriately furnished.



WITH WOODEN-FRAMED UNGLAZED WINDOWS: ABERNODWYDD, AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SMALL FARMHOUSE (TYDDEN), RE-ERECTED AT ST. FAGAN'S.

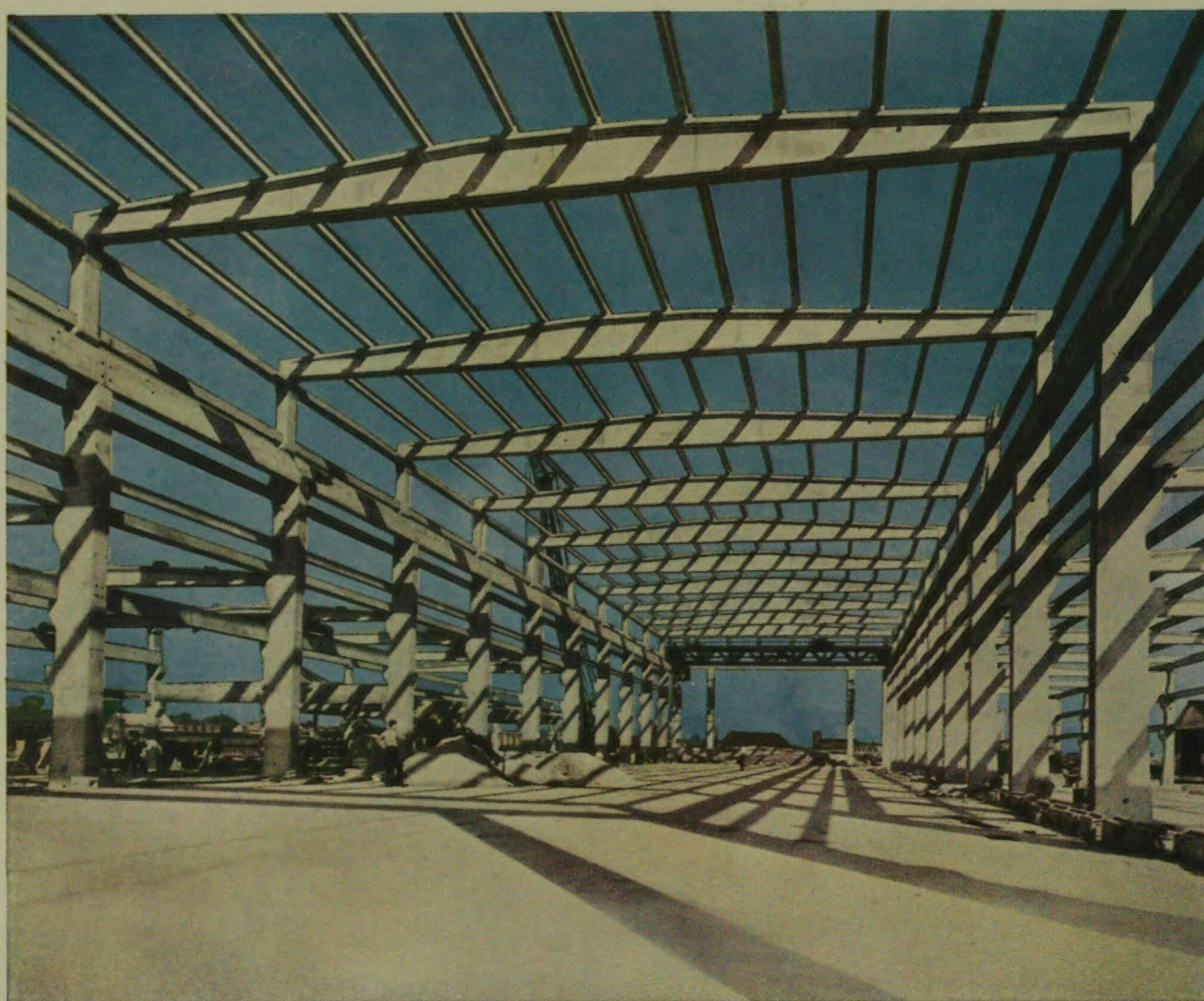


SHOWING THE GREAT OPEN FIREPLACE, WITH COOKING POT SUSPENDED OVER A LOG FIRE, AND INGLENOOK SEATS: THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE ABERNODWYDD FARMHOUSE.



CONTAINING A FOUR-POSTER BED: THE BEDROOM, BEHIND THE LIVING-ROOM, AT THE RE-ERECTED ABERNODWYDD, A FARMHOUSE FROM LLANGADFAN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.





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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT seems both mean and disingenuous to condemn a writer one invariably wants to read, for the precise qualities that make one eager to read him. Especially as no one else seems to be doing it—in spite of strong temptation or encouragement from the *Zeitgeist* and from their own principles. How firmly we are told that Victorian moralising, authorial comment à la *Thackeray*, indeed, the least whiff of an author's presence and point of view, is a naive, archaic aberration—something that the art of fiction has cast out! Why, then, when these detachment-addicts come to discuss "The Genius and the Goddess," by Aldous Huxley (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), don't they begin with the most glaring thing about it—the indefatigable lecture-lecture? For my part, I just can't take it; not that I mind lectures as such, but it is acutely irritating to be lectured under a show of story-telling. And yet, of course, it is this writer's irresistible stock-in-trade; and one comes back for more, well knowing that the story will always be a husk, and that every minimal occasion will be improved within an inch of its life. Such are the paradoxes that arise from a ruling genre. That Mr. Huxley should be a novelist was not sung at his cradle; it was determined by the Age of Fiction. And yet it is perhaps his most brilliant line: largely because he set out in youth to shock the bourgeois, and acquired the manner for it. In fiction he has never wholly dropped this technique. And it has still an edge—people react to manner, even when in substance they have learnt to accept everything.

Much more "The Genius and the Goddess," which is substantially trite. John Rivers tells it as a "ghost story." He is a Huxleyite nowadays; but in the '20's he was an inchoate, pure-minded, athletic oaf. Then, by stupendous luck, he got a job with Dr. Maartens, the great physicist. He is transfigured in the Maartens family; he loves them all—even the sex-ridden, moronic baby of a great man. He has a pure, idealising passion for Katy Maartens. . . . Then Katy goes away to her mother, who is ill. And so, as once before, the giant baby gets ill—sinking till she is dragged home from a deathbed to perform a miracle. Last time it worked; but now the virtue has been drained out of her, and he would have to go ahead and die, but for the wonderful recreative properties of sex and sleep. After a night of these, Katy the goddess is herself again; Rivers the embryo is in a shocked, guilty, ecstatic muddle. To make things worse, they are suspected by the fifteen-year-old Ruth, who has a jealous crush on him. Then comes the good old motor-smash, labelled Predestination—

The end speaks for itself. Not so the *Genius and the Goddess*, who are merely described—and that with more brilliance than originality. No doubt, the central episode is warmer than usual. One feels obliged for this; but I suspect some critics of being dazzled by it. As for the "lesson"—that sex has tonic properties, and "animal grace" is better than no bread—it needs no ghost or Huxleyite to tell us that much.

OTHER FICTION.

After Mr. Huxley's floodlighting and coruscations, "A Stormy Spring," by Alice Acland (Constable; 12s. 6d.), has an effect of pearly quiet, not unaccompanied by ground mist. It is a gentle, penetrating study of failure in marriage. Emily's parents failed, and she has grown up between her mother in Bruges, her father at Marsh End, and her two widowed great-aunts in Orchard House. The great-aunts are deliciously free-thinking—but when it comes to doing, they follow precedent. And Emily wants to break out; she wants excitement, change; she wants to fall in love, with someone different. Julian is different at a glance—pale, narrow-eyed, of mixed blood like herself, and yet an unknown quantity—and so she loves him at sight. By ill-luck he responds; and even more unluckily, he suggests marriage. But an elopement, not a public affair. He detests her entire family—because they are her family, and because he thinks they disapprove of him. And Julian can't bear to be criticised. He can't stand rival claims. He makes outrageous scenes, while Emily gives up and gives in—partly from weakness, partly because she has imbibed the theory of non-attachment, and the view that "people can't help themselves." Julian, however, would really prefer to be hit back. A monstrous row, an all-out reconciliation-scene, and then a passionate embrace—that is what he finds natural. Whereas for her it is sheer torment. . . .

This is a pastel work, but delicately convincing. Only I can't quite picture Julian's milieu, or the content of their good times.

"Gay Lord Robert," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), is the story of Elizabeth's Leicester—starting when Robert's father was a child, and saw his father executed on Tower Hill. That child became the wicked Duke of Northumberland, married his fifth son to Jane Grey, and in his turn died by the axe. The fourth son was well out of it; if he had not, so foolishly, married for love at seventeen, he would have been King-Consort elect. . . . Therefore he should have been everlastingly grateful to Amy Robsart. Instead of which, he perhaps murdered her. Miss Plaidy says he did, and that the Queen was privy to it; but on the other hand, I must admit she has been sedulously fair to Harry's daughter, whom she doesn't like. Only she can't quite deal with her; and perhaps nobody could make the irresistible Robert anything but a dull dog. There is a mass of information, however, and all the usual workmanship and sobriety.

"Tour de Force," by Christianna Brand (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), features Inspector Cockrill, the "Terror of Kent," on a conducted tour which includes part of Italy, and the not-so-comic opera island of San Juan el Pirata—a little bastard-Spanish smugglers' nest. Cockrill has deep doubts of Abroad, and views his fellow-tourists with alarm and despondency. But the event is far worse than his dreams. Murder is done; and on San Juan, where clues and reason are unheard of—where the flamboyant, not-so-comic gendarmes just pick on *somebody*, to rot in a mediaeval dungeon, or be ineptly hanged, with or without "trial." Cockrill even has a taste of the dungeon himself. . . . The plot is very ingenious and involved; but the peculiar excellence of "Tour de Force" lies in the style, the really brilliant setting, and the party of suspects.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH my first Chess Festival at Cheltenham two years ago was graced by the presence of such distinguished players as Kottbauer of Czechoslovakia, Donner of Holland, and Andric of Yugoslavia, my third, in full swing at Southend as I write, is, in my sober opinion, an even stronger event.

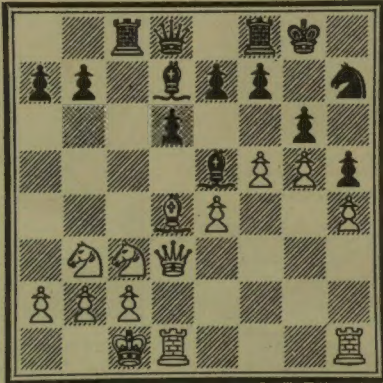
The Israeli student, R. J. A. Persitz; D. G. Mackay, of Balham, and Leonard Barden, of Croydon, are back in the lists again. All have advanced their reputations in the intervening period—Barden has secured the British Championship and Persitz has beaten Alexander, Golombek and Penrose in match play in turn. Again the Faeroes have sent T. Evensen and Lieut.-Colonel Goldney. From Paris has come S. Popel, last year's winner of the beautiful cup donated by Miss Margaret Pugh, in a somewhat weaker "Open" at Skegness. From Barcelona, F. J. Perez. From Buenos Aires, Dr. Seitz. From New Zealand, R. G. Wade. From the U.S.A., young Marvin Rogan.

A tough lot! Yet at the end of the first week's play, after six of the eleven rounds, not one of these was in the lead. That distinction rested with O. Friedman, the doctor-of-philosophy who decided some twenty years ago that London's air, if not purer, was certainly freer than Prague's.

The British champion, Leonard Barden, was, mainly through an instructive blunder in the diagrammed position, half-a-point behind:

Three rounds later, Barden had another disappointment; against Hamburger, with queen, rook and a pawn on the seventh rank, he could not win—because his opponent managed to obtain a second queen and set up threats of mate. It was thus Persitz who had assumed the lead when the last round commenced.

L. W. BARDEN (Black)



D. F. GRIFFITHS (White)

Griffiths had just played 20. B(K3)-Q4. He has appreciably the better of it, Black's knight having an obscure future; but who would have expected the game to be over in four more moves?

20. . . . B-QB3?? 21. Bx B

After this, nothing can save Black from the loss of a piece.

21. . . . P x B 22. P x P P x P

What else?

23. Q-B4ch

Unmasking his rook on to Black's queen. Black resigns.

GREAT ROME: LIVINGSTONE'S AFRICA: ANCIENT EGYPT: LASCAUX.

I SUPPOSE that if one had to choose a golden age for civilisation it would be difficult to better the age of the Antonines under the wise and beneficent rule of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius. The Roman Empire was at its peak, and the Roman peace brooded over a single civilised unit which stretched from Hadrian's Wall to the Sahara, and from Syria to the Gates of Hercules. That this miracle of order, peace and good government took place was due to the greatest of all Roman emperors, Hadrian. There have been few better books written about the Roman Empire than the "Memoirs of Hadrian," by Marguerite Yourcenar (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.). At first sight it would seem that this book should be reviewed by the distinguished occupant of the column on my left, as, in point of fact, Hadrian's memoirs, which are known to have existed, have been lost. Nevertheless, Mlle.

Yourcenar, although she writes under the guise of fiction, has reconstructed the life and times of the great Emperor in a way which puts her in the front rank of historians of Rome. Hadrian succeeded the blunt, conscientious soldier Trajan, whose dream it was to rival the exploits of Alexander. Hadrian early saw that if the Empire was to enjoy peace and prosperity, it must withdraw its boundaries from the furthest extent to which they had been pushed by Trajan. Hadrian's Wall is his tacit admission that Caledonia, as far as he was concerned, could remain stern and wild—on the other side of it. The withdrawal in the Near East to what are now, roughly, the boundaries of modern Turkey, Syria and Palestine, was another example of his realism. The line of the Danube, with the exception of the Dacian Salient, was another example of his appreciation of geographical and strategic realities. Of course, Mlle. Yourcenar has chosen a medium which in less skilled hands would prove a highly difficult one to handle. To make a long-dead Emperor record his thoughts and feelings across the vast distances of the intervening centuries in the first person singular means that inevitably the authoress exposes herself to the charge of making her hero think in twentieth-century terms, which would have been incomprehensible to him. This is, as I say, inevitable, but not, I think, of first importance. I imagine that an intelligent Roman of Hadrian's time would have had an attitude towards life as far removed from our way of thinking as is that of the modern Spaniard, and this essential difference of attitude is as subtly handled as, for example, Mlle. Yourcenar's delicate treatment of Hadrian's unusual love-life. It is clear that into this book has gone an immense amount of historical research, and the result is interesting, stimulating and impressive.

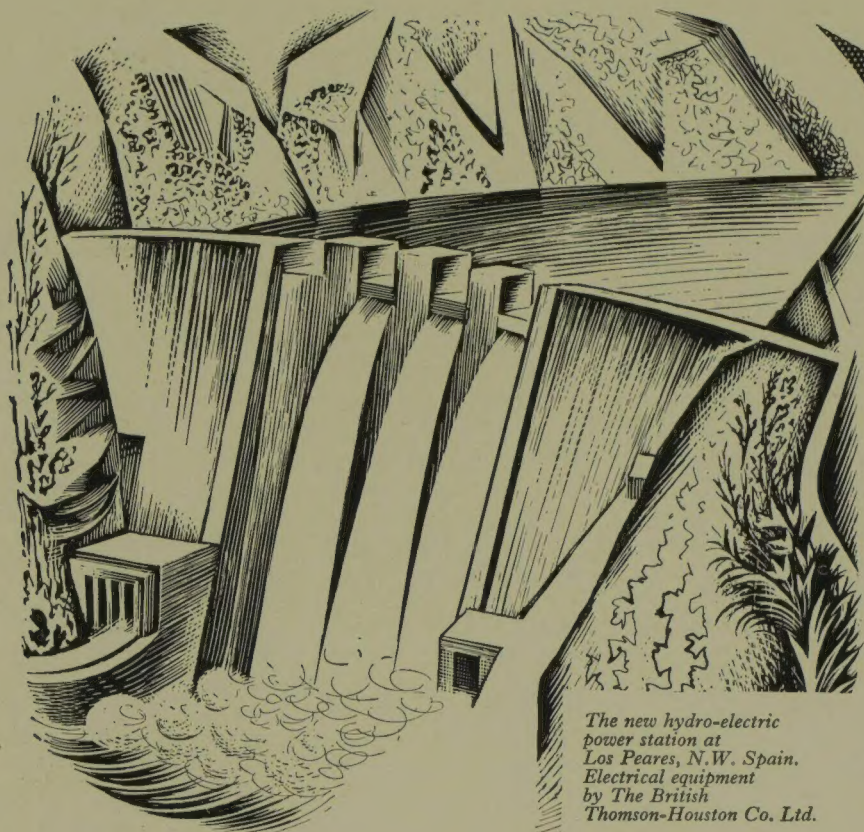
As the traveller crosses "Darkest Africa" in an aircraft, spending the night in hotels and rest houses which have every comfort, he may find it almost impossible to believe that barely a hundred years ago the vast areas over which he flies so swiftly were unknown to Europeans. Indeed, the map-makers were at liberty to use their imagination and to embellish their products with fabulous beasts and no less mythical cities. In fact, they had advanced very little beyond the stage of their predecessors hundreds of years earlier, who merely filled in gaps in their knowledge with "Hic Leones." That "Darkest Africa" has been opened up to the European is originally due to the courage, the perseverance and the faith in his God of one man—David Livingstone, the hero of "The Way to Ilala," by Frank Debenham (Longmans, Green; 25s.). The young Scottish missionary, largely self-educated, had little to inspire him in his early journeys of exploration, except his zeal and the urge (only partly stimulated by the hostility of the Boers and by the squabbles of his fellow missionaries) to go farther north into the interior. Happily, however, he was a born geographer (the explorer gradually, though never completely, ousting the missionary), a first-class observer and an indefatigable note-taker. His travels by ox cart, on ox-back or, as he preferred, on foot, walking-stick in one hand, Bible and sextant in the other, constitute some of the greatest epics in the history of human endurance. Livingstone, it is clear from this book, was at his best when alone, and indeed the virtual failure of the Government-sponsored expedition which he led was almost entirely due to his inability to work with or in command of fellow Europeans. The nobility of character which apparently shone out of him, and which enabled him to outface and win the respect of slave raiders or ferocious tribesmen alike, was accompanied by the shyness and taciturnity which made him almost impossible to work with. On the other hand, as Mr. Arthur Benson, Chief Secretary to the Government of Nigeria, says in his foreword: "We regard Livingstone's discovery of the Victoria Falls as a symbol for the opening up of the whole of Central Africa." Professor Debenham writes with affection for his subject and with a charm which compensates for the fact that, perhaps deliberately, he plays down the high drama of many of the notable incidents in Livingstone's life and death. A fine book about a noble character.

Livingstone died never having set eyes upon the Nile, whose source he was seeking. The effect of that great river on the history of the successive civilisations of ancient Egypt is admirably brought out in a splendid volume, "The Glory of Egypt," by Samivel (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). M. Samivel is a well-known French artist, author and film producer whose admiration for Dickens has led him to take this somewhat curious pseudonym. His book is admirably illustrated by some of the finest photographs it has been my privilege to see for many years, and the text, which includes a number of poems which, like the statues and great monuments of ancient Egypt, is an admirable reminder of the debt which civilisation owes to the long-vanished inhabitants of the Nile Valley.

I recently drew attention to a book dealing with the amazing beauties of the art of our prehistoric ancestors. No finds, I suppose, compare with the remarkable discoveries found in the caves of Lascaux by chance by some children at play in 1940. M. Georges Bataille gives his book "Lascaux" (Skira; £5 15s.) the subsidiary title "Or the Birth of Art." This is not, I think, going too far, when one reflects that these wall-paintings were incised and coloured 20,000 years ago. The illustrations do full justice to the vigour and delicate beauty of these extraordinary products of our remote ancestors.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





The new hydro-electric power station at Los Peares, N.W. Spain. Electrical equipment by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

# HIGH & LOW



At the coal face — a coal cutter, powered by a Metropolitan-Vickers flameproof motor.



*erio fraser*

**Up** in the hills of Los Peares is the biggest and most important of the power stations of Spain. Its electrical equipment was supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Company, one of the great partnership of British Companies which is Associated Electrical Industries Ltd.

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